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Publisher's Notice.

Of the last number of *Harper's Weekly* we published One Hundred and Fifteen Thousand Copies.

This extraordinary circulation, and the character of *Harper's Weekly*, render it superior as an Advertising medium to any other journal published in the United States. It is probable that each number of *Harper's Weekly* is read by at least ten adults. It circulates among the classes which advertisers desire to reach. A very large proportion of its circulation is preserved for future reference and bound. The space allotted to advertisements is very limited: the price, 75 cents a line on the last page; 50 cents a line on the page preceding.

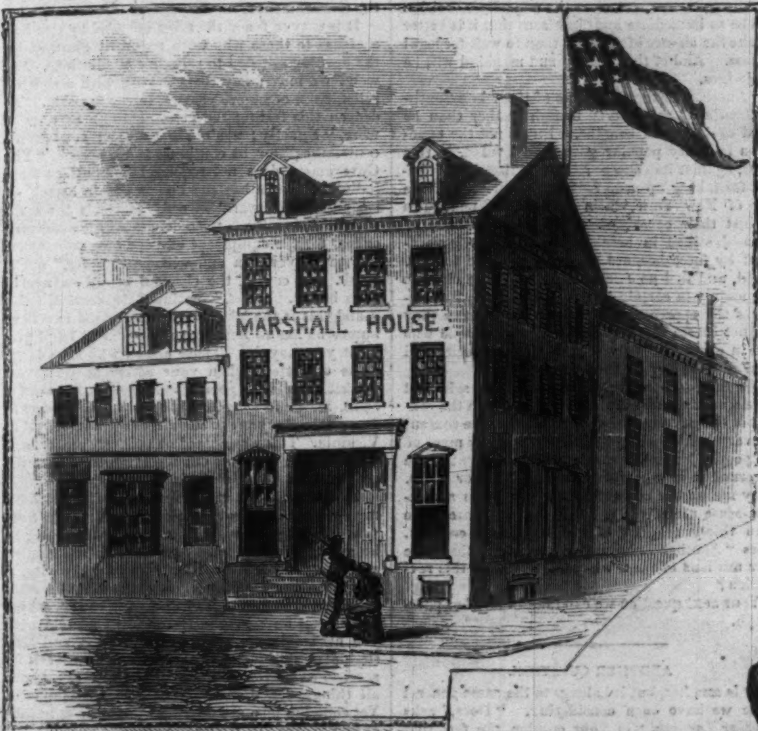
THE MURDER OF ELLSWORTH.

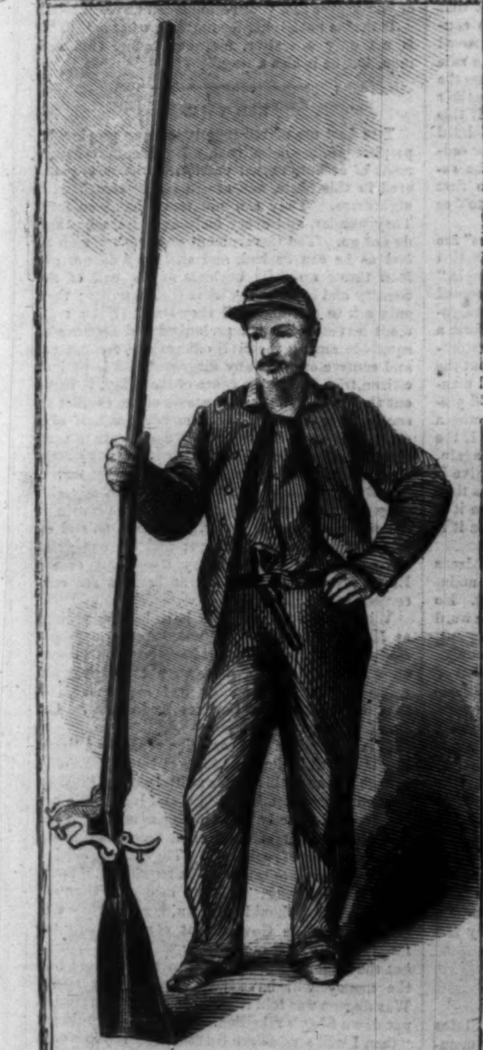
We publish herewith a picture showing the manner in which Colonel Ellsworth was murdered. It is from a rough sketch by Brownell, the gallant young Zouave who avenged his Colonel's death. The circumstances of the murder were fully detailed in our last number.

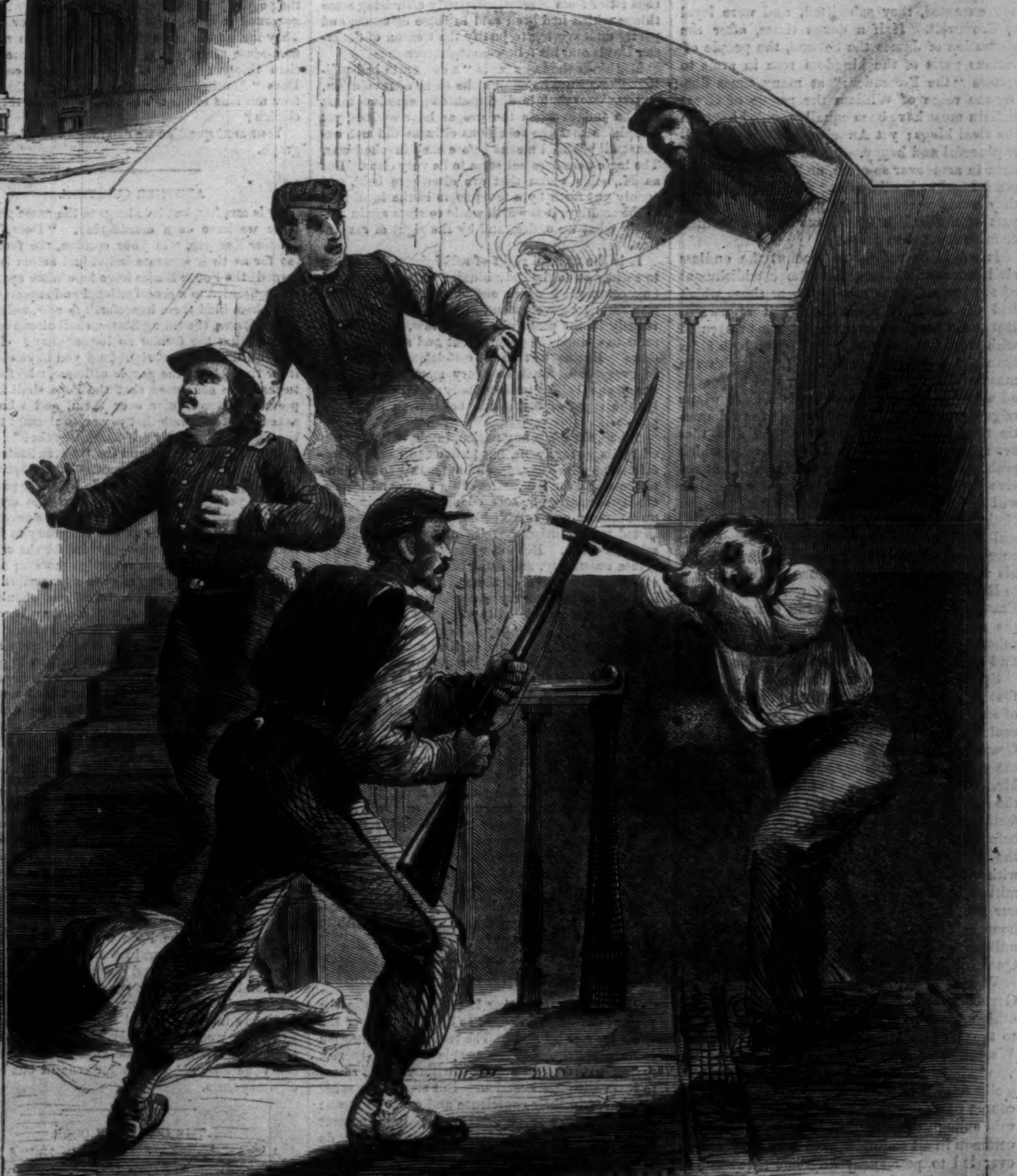
We also give a view of the Marshall House at Alexandria, where the murder took place. It is, as our picture shows, a second-rate tavern: its keeper Jackson, who murdered Ellsworth, and was so instantly punished for the deed, was notorious as a secessionist leader, and a man of violent habits. He had been engaged in several street frays growing out of the secession question, and like too many Southerners, was prompt with the knife and pistol. We notice that he is becoming a martyr among the Southerners; at Mobile alone, $1100 have been collected for his widow.

Accompanying these pictures we publish a portrait of a secessionist prisoner caught at Alexandria with a rifle of preposterous length and make.

All these pictures are from sketches by our special artist accompanying the troops into Virginia.







SECESSIONIST PRISONER CAPTURED AT ALEXANDRIA.—THE MARSHALL HOUSE AT ALEXANDRIA.—THE MURDER OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH.—[See Article above.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 15, 1861.

THE UNION—IN THE FUTURE.

A FAVORITE argument of the enemies of the American people, at the present crisis, is to say that civil war and bloodshed render the reconstruction of the Union impossible.

The argument, such as it is, has done service. While the Gulf States were declaring in the most binding form of words they could frame that they never, never would reconstruct the Union, Virginia still protested against "coercion," because it would render separation final. While a new Government was being deliberately established at Montgomery, and every trace of the Government of the United States was being obliterated by its pseudo-successor, New York politicians still denounced force, because bloodshed would alienate us forever. And even now, foreign observers as well as domestic traitors whine at the outbreak of a war which, they say, must render a reunion of the States utterly hopeless.

These gentlemen should read history, and take heart. Civil war, we beg to assure them, is not an invention of the nineteenth century. It has occurred before, once or twice, in most countries, and, surprising as it may seem to the critics we address, it has hardly ever ended in a final separation of the belligerents, but has almost invariably terminated in the victory of one side and the submission of the other. Nay, more, after the lapse of a few years, the sometime enemies have been better friends than ever.

The history of England has been an endless succession of civil wars. Over one quarter of the fifteenth century was consumed in the war of the Roses; yet the people quietly acquiesced in the Government of Henry VII. At least half the kingdom supported Charles the First against the Commonwealth, and fought for him bravely; but when he was fairly overthrown and executed, they submitted, and were loyal to Cromwell. Half a dozen times, after the abdication of James the Second, the people of various parts of the kingdom rose in arms to restore "the Pretender;" at many times during the reign of William the people of Great Britain must have been equally divided between the rival kings; yet Anne's reign was unusually peaceful and happy. Since then Ireland has been in arms ever so often, and her leaders have proclaimed as loudly as our Southrons do, that they would never submit; yet there is now no part of the British dominions more contented or more loyal than Ireland.

It would be tedious to recount the endless civil wars which preceded the establishment of the great French monarchy, or those which had the effect of consolidating it afterward. But there probably never was a war prosecuted with more bitterness or more fury on both sides than the religious war which began with the massacre of Saint Bartholomew and only ended with the coronation of Louis XIV.; whose reign, however, was singularly free from domestic troubles. It may be remarked also that even the revocation of the *Edit de Nantes*, which probed the old sores to the bottom, did not revive the war; so false it is to suppose that time will not tame the warlike spirit of minorities. Nothing could be fiercer than the spirit with which the republicans of France denounced the encroachments of Bonaparte; yet they became his willing soldiers long before the Expedition to Russia. So in our time; ten years ago, all France was secretly execrating the author of the *coup d'etat* of the 2d December, and the subsequent massacres; now the difficulty is to find a Frenchman who is not a Napoleonist.

Spain, like France and England, was, in the first centuries of modern history, a congeries of small kingdoms. Of these, in the thirteenth century, there remained, Aragon, Castile, and Granada. How Castile conquered and absorbed the other two the history of Spain relates; but Mr. Prescott says nothing in his history of Philip the Second about any remains of the old hostile feeling at that time. It had in fact died out long before. During Wellington's campaign in Spain the Spanish people were divided, and fought with bitterness on both sides; yet they all submitted to Ferdinand VII. Again, almost in our own day, the Carlist war divided half the households of Spain; yet no monarch is more universally popular among her people than Queen Isabella.

We might go on to show that the history of Germany, Italy, Russia, Sweden, and all the other nations akin to ourselves, has been similar to that of Great Britain, France, and Spain. We might especially refer to the affair of the Sonderbund in Switzerland, which was so graphically related in the columns of the *Lounger* a couple of weeks since. But we have probably said enough to prove that civil wars have been common in all countries, that they have hardly ever led to permanent divisions between the hostile sections, but that, after a fair fight, one side has generally been beaten and has succumbed to the other.

It will be so in our case. It is impossible that this Union can be divided. Peaceable separation would be organized anarchy. And now that both sections are armed for the fight, the war will take its course, and in the nature of things one will be beaten and will succumb to the other.

We hear many boasts from the South of their willingness to fight to the last man before they yield. This is what every people says *at the beginning* of a war. Nobody—no nation—ever contemplates surrender at the beginning of a fight. We must let time and the discomforts of war do their work. If we are true to ourselves, defeats in the field, isolation from the civilized world, blockaded ports, want of money, food, clothing, and all the comforts and luxuries of life, will by-and-by exercise a remarkably beneficial effect upon the temper of our enemy, now so obdurate. It is hard to yield, no doubt. But it is a good deal harder to starve or be killed. This reflection will by-and-by occur to the "unconditional enemies of reconstruction."

☞ The *Albion* censures us because, in reply to a direct charge of falsehood brought against us by W. H. Russell, Esq., LL.D., correspondent of the London *Times*, we ventured to assure our readers that we had spoken the truth. Apparently, if Mr. Russell had accused the *Albion* of falsehood, that journal would have remained silent under the imputation.

Of the taste of the *Albion's* interference in the matter, in ignorance of the facts, it is not for us to judge. Possibly, when Mr. Russell comes North, he may lament that his volunteer champion had not shown less zeal and more discretion in his cause.

THE LOUNGER.

A REASONABLE WORD.

Just before Postmaster Blair closed the postal communication between the rebellious States and the North, the Lounger received a long and courteous letter from Mississippi, partly criticising some things which had been said in these columns, and partly endeavoring to justify the treason of Jefferson Davis and his fellow-conspirators.

M. thinks the Lounger is "a desperate bad politician," because he admits the right of revolution, and confesses that the discontented themselves must be the judges when the proper hour arrives, yet complains that the rebellious citizens did not exhaust all peaceful means before they invoked war. The logic here does not seem to be very clear. But as M. holds views that are elsewhere held, and openly put forth by a few papers in the loyal part of the country, it is worth while to state again precisely what we understand by the right of revolution.

It is the natural right of self-defense, belonging to society as to the individual. It is the right of any community which suffers intolerable oppression from its government, and is without hope of remedy in the peaceful order of law, to appeal to arms to change the government and secure the redress. But as the right of self-defense is inherent in every individual, so every member of society has an equal claim to the remedy; and, consequently, the right of revolution belongs to the whole people.

When, therefore, any nation, intolerably oppressed by its government, has exhausted every peaceful means of settlement, and appealing to God and to the world for the justice of its cause and the necessity of a struggle, succeeds in overthrowing that government and establishing another, it has resorted to revolutionary redress, and the world admits its claim. But since there will never be absolute unanimity, and some of the people—for instance, the officers of the government and their friends—will oppose the revolution, the word "people" must be considered to mean the greater number of them. The "people" can not mean a minority of them. The will of the people of the city of New York is the will of the majority. The will of the people of the United States is the will of the majority. Until, therefore, a majority of the people of the country, directly by their wishes or indirectly by their acquiescence, having vainly appealed to every lawful method and failed to rid themselves of intolerable oppression, take up arms to right themselves, there is no revolution. If a few people try it, it is a riot. If enough to make the effort formidable, it is a rebellion. And as the greatest good of the greatest and not of the smallest number is the true aim of government, such a movement having none of the dignity of a revolution wants also its justification.

Now does M., or any body else, pretend that the greater part of the people of the United States suffer any intolerable oppression which they wish to remove by force of arms?

"ANOTHER LOUNGER."

Now comes "Another Lounger," and asks the present one—"Who ought to be the judges of the cause for revolution?" The reply to this question is very simple. When people consciously risk their necks they do not do it without what seems to them adequate occasion. But meanwhile other people retain their conscience and common sense: and if they see a revolution begun, as in the present instance, for a base and inhuman purpose, they do not therefore justify it. Revolutions are justified, not by their success, but by their results.

"Another Lounger" asserts that the theory of our system is that the majority shall rule: that the minority are therefore the governed, and that the "legitimate deduction" from this is that the majority section is the governing and the minority section the governed section: but that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. He adds that our fathers so regarded the question between them and Great Britain.

How can a shrewd man be guilty of so much sophism and error in one sentence? Our fathers did not complain that they were in a minority or outvoted, but that they were not allowed to vote at all; that they were taxed without asking their consent, just as at this moment the Southern people are taxed by Jeff Davis's Government, which has never said to them "by your leave." And the word "section" has in this discussion no relevance. In a Government where the citizens have all equal political power either the majority or minority must govern—which shall it be? That the minority happen to live in one part of the country can not affect the question. That the minority think the majority adverse to their interests is inevitable; otherwise they would be with the majority. But they are one people; the question, therefore, upon which they differ is a common question, and the greater number of the people think it should be settled in one way rather than in another. The fewer are bound to submit. If they resist, they can only justify their resistance by the plea that the wrong consequent upon the majority's decision will be so immediate and disastrous that it is better to take the chance of anarchy than to wait for legal redress. And of this history and mankind will be the judges.

"Another Lounger" speaks of "our late Southern brothers" as resolved to fight rather than be ruled against their consent. But is not the opposition in every popular government ruled, in this sense, against its consent? And is that a justification for taking up arms? Are the citizens of the city of New York whom Fernando Wood rules against their consent—and there are several of them—justified in breaking up the city government by force because they did not vote for Mr. Wood, and had no faith in him? Those citizens live mainly in certain wards. May they call themselves the oppressed minority wards because they can not coerce the greater number of people who live in other wards? May they ask to retire and form another city by themselves?

No, fellow-Lounger; when our fathers said that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, they did not mean the consent of every individual citizen, but the great mass of the people. Nor did they mean the consent of the governed in any particular square mile or miles. They meant the consent of the people, in a common-sense use of the word. Now there are more than thirty millions of people in this country. Does "Another Lounger" suppose that there are four millions of them who seriously wish this revolution?

Your next question we can take in another paragraph.

ANOTHER QUESTION.

It is another, but it belongs to the same general topic we have been considering. "Does," asks *Another Lounger*, "in your opinion, the fact that (so far as their separate individual action is concerned) the South States have heretofore approved and consented to a constitutional and supreme rule over them bind them henceforth *forever*, unless the North States, the ruling States, shall also give their consent that the former no longer obey? If this is claimed, then what right (and you have claimed it for them) have the people of Rome, who for centuries have consented that the Pope shall be supreme temporal ruler over them, and who first asked him to assume that power, to attempt to free themselves from their self-assumed yoke?"

The "South States" and the "North States" are not parties to this Government. The Constitution of the United States was made by "the people," and the people of the several States who accepted the Constitution renounced the separate sovereignty of their States so far as was necessary to form a nation. No method was provided for the restoration to the State of those sovereign powers; but the Constitution can be amended in a prescribed manner. If an amendment so introduced should provide for that restoration, a State may become a sovereign power again, but not otherwise. If the people of any State desire that sovereignty again, and the people of all the States decline to give it to them, there is an end of the matter, unless they choose to try to get it by force, in which case it is either a riot or a rebellion; and in any case it is the armed action of a few against many.

Of course, each generation of American citizens must decide for itself whether it wishes to maintain the present system of government or not. No generation can bind another. Politically the word "forever" gets its force from common consent. Whenever, therefore, the people of this country wish to be bound no longer by the Constitution of the United States, they will resort to the methods of relief provided by that instrument. If they are not willing to do that, it is evidently because they know that they are not the people, but only a few persons.

As for Rome, the Pope was not chosen by the people as their temporal ruler, as *Another Lounger* seems to suppose. And even if they had chosen him, and were wearing "a self-assumed yoke"—if they had provided no means for easing that yoke, and were intolerably and irremediably oppressed by it, they would, when they felt themselves strong enough, throw it off. The Pope has always held the yoke fast, not by popular consent but by foreign bayonets.

THE COMEDIAN COBB.

A year ago the Treasury of the United States was at the mercy of Howell Cobb, of happy memory. An officer of the Government, sworn to be faithful to it, and paid by it, he was using every method he could command to impoverish the Treasury, destroy the Government, and ruin the country. Of Cobb it may be said that, on the one hand, he was a fit associate of Floyd, and on the other, a proper pendent to Thompson. Does it not seem as if Divine Providence meant to inspire an unfailing faith in the perpetuity of our Government by showing us that it might be for months and years in the hands of such men, and then emerge unharmed and with eyes lifted heavenward, as Daniel came out of the lions' den?

Every body knew Cobb's incapacity: every body knows his treason; but nobody ever suspected him of humor. Yet Cobb has been making merry. He addressed his fellow-traitors at Atlanta on the 22d May. The object of the speech was the raising of money to support the rebellion. The reasoning was worthy of Cobb. The financial devising was also worthy of Cobb. He said: "We not only need soldiers, we must have treasure to carry on the war." True enough, was the natural response of every listening rebel; and how on earth are we to get it?

The sly Cobb, knowing perfectly well what was in the minds of his hearers, suggestively continued, in a "will-you-walk-into-my-parlor" vein: "Private contributions have been offered to a vast amount. I will mention an instance," etc. "Offers of this sort," he added, "come pouring in upon the Government from all parts of the country."

It is easy to fancy the relief afforded by this last sentence to those who were naturally alarmed by the opening allusion to private contributions. Ah, well! we may fancy them saying with a sigh of relief, since offers are pouring in, *we* are safe. To deepen this feeling the cunning Cobb says, as it were, "Exactly; you're safe enough; you needn't contribute;" for, he continues in his speech, "The Government does not require contributions from individuals; she has the means within herself of sustaining this war." Good! responds the audience in their souls. "No donations are necessary except for the equipment of your own volunteers, and those you can and will provide for," quoth Cobb. Of course, the cheerful crowd answer in their hearts. "*But*," continues the comical Cobb—and this is the joke which betrays the excellent humor he has so long concealed—"*But* I tell you what you may do. Those of you who raise large crops of cotton, when your cotton is ready for market, *give it to your Government at its market value, receive its bonds, and let it sell your produce to Europe for the specie* to sustain our brave 'boys' in Virginia. This was agreed on at Montgomery, and we promised to throw out the suggestion that the people might think about it."

In other words: "Gentlemen, Jeff must have money; but he doesn't require contributions from you. Jeff has means within himself of paying as he goes. He distinctly does not ask you to give any thing whatsoever. But, look here, giving is one thing and exchanging is another. Wouldn't it be lovely in you to give Jeff your cotton, which he can sell for specie in Europe, and let him give you his bonds—Jefferson Davis's bonds, and Mississippi might indorse them—which you can sell for specie—whenever you can find a buyer. Above all things, Jeff disdains to ask for contributions. Yet contributions are pouring in, and he only asks of you to give him your cotton and take his bonds."

If that is not giving for nothing, what is? Cobb is not only a traitor, forsworn before God and man, but he is also a wag.

RED TAPE.

The best use of red tape is to hang people who perplex public affairs by it. Regiment after regiment of ardent, brave, patriotic citizens is gathered in this State, and are instantly struck with nightmare. They can not move hand or foot. They wonder, and every body wonders, why they do not go. The Government needs every man as fast as he can be had, and still they do not go. Men throw up their business at the call of the country and State; they leave their families; they only ask to go—and still they stay. Not a regiment leaves without a prolonged and disgraceful squabble among the civil officers and committees and contractors. If any disgusted and impatient citizen tries to find the cause of the delay, it turns out that nothing is ready because of the conflict of contractors; that nobody goes because half of a committee owns railway stock, and wants to send the troops by rail; and the other half owns steamboat stock, and wants to send them by water. Somebody declines to give arms; somebody else clogs the movement because his son or cousin is not made captain or major. There is no end of petty annoyances and delays; and the one great characteristic of the military movement of the Empire State, so far as the authorities are concerned, is inefficiency.

Why could not New York have been as prompt as Massachusetts? Why were there no proper equipments for our soldiers? Men from Massachusetts and Pennsylvania were in Washington before a New York soldier had marched. Did they march as soon as they received orders? Orders from where?

It is war. The first condition of war is a single head. What is the great State of New York doing at such a time as this with a military board? Why does not every member resign, and leave the Governor to deal directly with the Department of War? The Government of the United States requires a certain number of regiments. They are to go either into service or into camp. The requisition is made upon the Governor. If more men offer than are asked for, they should be taken, because they will be needed. The Government can not have too large an army. It may cost a great deal of money; but the larger the army the sooner the peace; and the money will have been economically spent. Washington was told that five thousand men would put down Shay's rebellion. "Very well," said he, "then I will send fifteen thousand." If you would beat, said Napoleon, have just twice as many men as your enemy at each point.

It is high time that the Government of the State of New York and the Union Defense Committee had done wrangling. The difficulty lies with somebody or somebodies. Let their names and the facts of the controversy be held up to public reprobation.

ENGLAND UPON PRIVATEERS.

People are still talking of England, and wondering what she will finally do. For the present it is very clear that she will repose upon the proclamation of neutrality, and await events. Meanwhile she discusses the nature of privateers and blockades.

As for the Southern privateers, they are ships commissioned by a man in open rebellion against his Government to prey upon the ships of loyal citizens. In the consequent struggle loyal citizens may be murdered while engaged in defending their own property. There can be no question that such a privateer is as much a pirate as a ship of Lafitte's. Any ship-master who sails the sea has the same right to commission himself to seize prizes that Mr. Jefferson Davis has to commission him. Mr. Davis, indeed, claims to represent a government. But the Government against which he is in rebellion refuses to see in him any thing but a rebel. No other power in the world has recognized him; and Jefferson Davis and William Kidd are equally pirates.

Now comes England, and says, "Mr. Davis may, for the purpose of privateering, be considered a belligerent. But every Englishman sailing under his commission does so at his peril." This so far helps Mr. Davis that he can carry his prizes into English ports and sell them.

If England had recognized the authority which sends the privateers as a Government, that authority might plead a national character. But England will not do that, for she is not ready for a war with the United States. She therefore winks at piracy. The case would have been less flagrant if the rebels had maintained their cause so long and so successfully that the issue were doubtful. The letters of marque granted by our Revolutionary Congress were recognized some time before our independence was conceded by any other power. But we had held our own, and it was fair to presume that we should at last triumph. England assumes the success of this rebellion before it has struck a single significant blow. Nevertheless, any English subject found upon a Davis-privateer which had killed American citizens defending their property would be incontinently hung as a pirate, nor could England complain. Any subject who serves upon either side she has given over, in advance, to his fate. She will not call privateering piracy, but she allows her privateering subjects to be hung as pirates.

Lord Derby, the Tory leader in the Lords, proposes that the Government shall not abide by the proclamation in this respect. His suggestion is not likely to be adopted.

As for the blockade, it is one of those international questions upon which governments will always differ. The treaty of Paris requires that a blockade must be effective. But what is an effective blockade? If a few ships pass in or out is the blockade raised? and, if so, must the blockading Government issue a new proclamation, and give the usual grace to ships? This is undoubtedly the view Great Britain would prefer to take, but it is precisely the one that the United States will not allow.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HARDNESS OF THE TIMES.

Swell out of Luck. "What do you charge for blacking a gentleman's boots?"

One of the Polish Brigade. "Never more than a penny, Sir."

Swell. "A penny, eh? Well, youngster, since there are two boots, that's a half-penny a boot, I suppose—isn't it?"

Shoeblack (*proud of displaying his arithmetic*). "In course it is, Sir."

Swell. "Well, then, black my right boot—I've only got a half-penny."

"My party, Sir, will not lie in idleness," said a politician. "Very true, Sir," retorted his opponent, "your party is never chargeable either with lying in idleness or with idleness in lying."

THE WEATHER LAST WEEK.

What is that faint and melancholy note,
  Borne feebly on the sharp East wind,
Whose eager blast bites through our overcoat,
  With down of eider thickly lined?
It sounded forth of yonder clump of oak,
  Darkling beneath the leaden sky;
Through the bare twigs some plaintive creature spoke,
  It was the Cuckoo's cry!

That timid trill outpoured from yonder brake!
  Ah! can it be the Nightingale?
That broken jug! That interrupted shake!
  The breeze cuts short the poor bird's tale,
The throstle, too, as though for cold in pain,
  High perched upon the leafless tree,
Attempts a fitful and a dreary strain,
  Sung in a minor key.

There's one, an only, Swallow to be seen;
  With feeble wing the straggler flies.
What doeth he out in this air so keen,
  Unless he flies for exercise?
On such a day no gnat will stir for him;
  All insects find it much too cool:
He would not catch one midge, were he to skim
  The nearly frozen pool.

The redbreast shivers o'er her callow brood;
  The shrunk, nipped buds, her nest reveal.
Cocksparrows can not find their children food;
  No caterpillar for a meal!
The badger, dormouse, hedgehog, squirrel, creep
  All into their respective holes:
This merry May sends all such things to sleep,
  A May as at the Poles!

Ah, how I pity birds and beasts that roam
  Unsheltered save by fern and brier!
I know what I shall do; I shall go home,
  Draw down the blinds; make up a roaring fire;
Command a basin of hot soup, and dine
  On Christmas beef; and, having fed,
Brew for myself a tankard of spiced wine;
  Have that, and go to bed.

The Spinster's Loss.—"Can I be of any use?" asked a young Oxonian of a distressed female at the Alnwick station. "You are a witness!" she said. "Of what?" said the Oxonian. "That I gave my basket to a man!" "Certainly." "A railway servant?" "He said so." "He's off with it. He's a thief, a robber; he's an impostor, whether he's a railway servant or nae. He's off with my greatest treasure!" "Compose yourself, madam," said the superintendent, making his way through the crowd; "if what you have lost can not be found, and you really gave it to one of our people, perhaps some compensation—" "Compensation!" she exclaimed. "Brute, mercenary brute! There is no compensation for a loss like mine." "Of what nature is that loss?" said another railway official. "Of a very serious nature, Sir—to me, of an irreparable nature," she replied. "That basket contained—oh, my! oh, my! it contained my Rufus! Oh! Rufus, pride of my heart! comfort of my life! my companion! my bedfellow! my sleek! my tabby furry, purry! my whiskered, my darling, my bushy-tailed, Angora, my Rufus!" "You don't mean to say, ma'am, that you're kicking up all this row and rumpus about a cat?" said one of the porters. "A cat, Sir, yes! but such a cat as you never beheld. A cat worth ten such men as you!"

There is a class of men ever ready to pump you to any extent, if you only give them a handle.

"Mary, is your master at home?" "No, Sir, he's out." "I don't believe it." "Well, then, he'll come down and tell you so himself. Perhaps you'll believe him."

Lord William Poulat was said to be the author of a pamphlet called "The Snake in the Grass." A gentleman abused in it sent him a challenge. Lord William protested his innocence, but the gentleman insisted upon a denial under his own hand. Lord William took a pen and began: "This is to scratify that the buk called 'The Snak—'" "Oh! my lord," said the person, "I am satisfied: your lordship has already convinced me you did not write the book."

At Girvan, Ayrshire, lately, the following announcement was made by the town crier, at the very pitch of his stentorian lungs: "All persons keeping cocks or hens in this street to the annoyance of their neighbors' gardens, will be destroyed after this intimation."

A landowner and tenant having agreed to refer a matter in dispute to a reference, it was agreed that in case it should not be thus decided, the matter should be settled, as usual, by an umpire. "Well, be it so, but on this condition," said the man of wealth, "that if he can not make a division, we shall have *umpires on both sides.*"

"Figures won't lie," is an old and homely expression; but few men can look on a fashionable woman's figure nowadays and say as much.

"Julia, here are two cakes—one for you and one for Mary; Mary don't want hers just now, and you may carry it for her till we get home."

After a while the mother observed that Miss Julia began eating upon the second cake, having already disposed of one. Of course she thought it was time to speak.

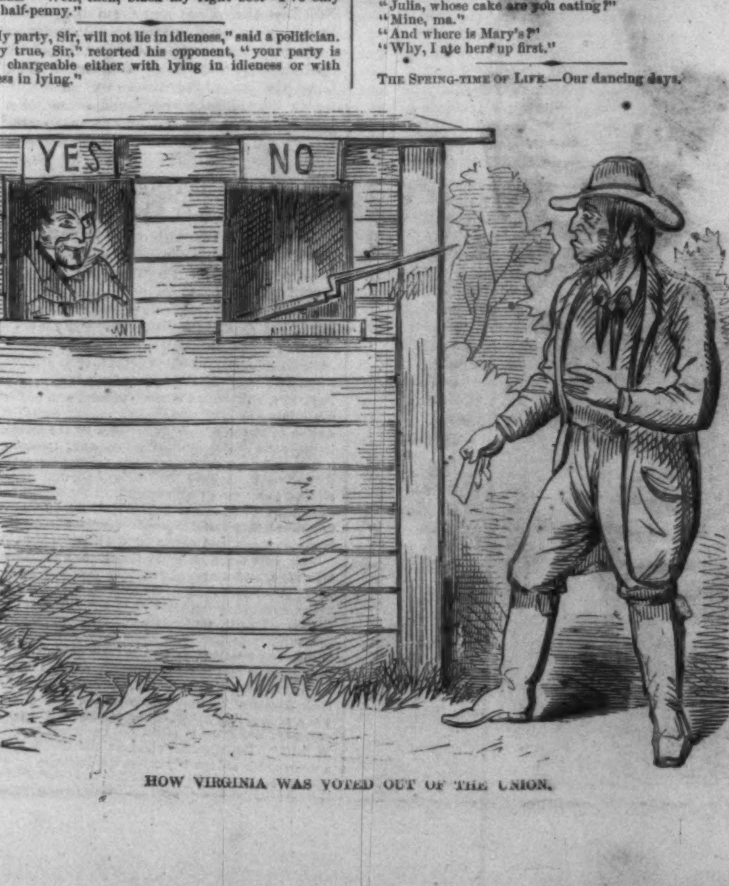
"Julia, whose cake are you eating?"

"Mine, ma."

"And where is Mary's?"

"Why, I ate hers up first."

The Spring-time of Life.—Our dancing days.



HOW VIRGINIA WAS VOTED OUT OF THE UNION.

A Scotch Cannibal.—A lady advertises in a Glasgow paper that she wants a gentleman for "breakfast and tea."

"I have learned the profound truth," says Alderman Johnson, "from eating turtle, that it shows a most depraved taste to mock any thing for its greenness."

Miss Jemima Wilhelmina, when her parents refuse to allow her to go to a ball, sets to and has a *bawl* at home.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

VIRGINIA INVADED FROM THE WEST.

Early last week a large body of troops, under General M'Clellan, were ordered to advance on Harper's Ferry from the west, by way of Wheeling. But the secessionists at Harper's Ferry, having discovered the movement, proceeded beyond Grafton by railroad and destroyed three bridges between that point and Wheeling, and there is little doubt that they have burned or blown up all the bridges between Grafton and Harper's Ferry. The distance between these two points is one hundred miles. Grafton has since been occupied by the Federal troops.

PROCLAMATION OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

"Head-quarters, Department of Ohio,
Cincinnati, May 26, 1861

"*To the Union Men of Western Virginia:*

"Virginians!—The General Government has long enough endured the machinations of a few factious rebels in your midst. Armed traitors have in vain endeavored to deter you from expressing your loyalty at the polls. Having failed in this infamous attempt to deprive you of the exercise of your dearest rights, they now seek to inaugurate a reign of terror, and thus force you to yield to their schemes, and submit to the yoke of the traitorous conspiracy dignified by the name of the Southern Confederacy. They are destroying the property of citizens of your State, and ruining your magnificent railways. The General Government has heretofore carefully abstained from sending troops across the Ohio, or even from posting them along its banks, although frequently urged by many of your prominent citizens to do so.

"It determined to await the result of the State election, desirous that no one might be able to say that the slightest effort had been made from this side to influence the free expression of your opinions, although the many agencies brought to bear upon you by the rebels were well known. You have now shown under the most adverse circumstances that the great mass of the people of Western Virginia are true and loyal to that beneficent Government under which we and our fathers have lived so long. As soon as the result of the election was known, the traitors commenced their work of destruction. The General Government can not close its ears to the demand you have made for assistance. I have ordered troops to cross the river. They come as your friends and brothers; as enemies only to armed rebels who are preying upon you. Your homes, your families, and your property are safe under our protection. All your rights shall be religiously respected.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said by the traitors to induce you to believe our advent among you will be signalized by an interference with your slaves, understand one thing clearly: Not only will we abstain from all such interference, but we will, on the contrary, with an iron hand, crush any attempt at insurrection on their part.

"Now that we are in your midst, I call upon you to fly to arms and support the General Government; sever the connection that binds you to traitors; proclaim to the world that the faith and loyalty so long boasted by the Old Dominion are still preserved in Western Virginia, and that you remain true to the Stars and Stripes.

"G. B. M'Clellan,
"Major-General commanding."

SURPRISE OF SECESSIONISTS.

Two columns of troops belonging to General M'Clellan's command, one under command of Colonel Kelly, of the First Virginia Volunteers, and the other under Colonel Crittenden, and composed of the Indiana Volunteers, proceeded from Grafton to Phillippa, about twenty miles, on Sunday night, through a drenching rain, and surprised a camp of rebels there, two thousand strong. The rebels were completely routed after a brief struggle, with the loss of fifteen killed, and a large amount of arms, horses, ammunition, provisions, camp equipage, etc. The surprise is reported to have been most complete, and at last accounts the Federal forces were in hot pursuit, with a prospect of capturing a large number of prisoners. Colonel Kelly, the commander of the Virginia volunteers, was unfortunately wounded, and has since died. This, however, was the only life lost among the Federal troops.

BOMBARDMENT OF REBEL BATTERIES.

On Friday last the steamers *Freeborn* and *Anacosta*, off Aquia Creek, engaged the rebel forts there with apparent effect. Aquia Creek is fifty-five miles from Washington, and is the terminus of the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. The batteries returned the fire and it was kept up on both sides for an hour, till the ammunition ran short on board, and the vessels hauled off. Upon receipt of the dispatch, two ships of war, with plenty of ammunition, were sent from the Navy-yard.

ANOTHER DAY'S WORK.

On the following day the fight, which was temporarily abandoned for want of ammunition on board the United States vessels on Friday, was resumed at half past eleven o'clock in the morning, and continued until half past four that afternoon without intermission. The guns in the rebel batteries mounted on the heights had been removed to the beach during the previous night, and upon that point the fire of Saturday was directed by the *Freeborn*, *Anacosta*, and *Pawnee*, which hauled in shore, and kept up an incessant fire for five hours, until the men were worn out from fatigue. Captain Ward reports that upward of a thousand shots were fired by the rebel batteries, and that a hundred at least struck on or close around the *Freeborn*, some of them damaging her hull so that she leaked considerably, and some hitting her wheel-house and shaft. The *Pawnee*, too, was struck frequently aloft and below, hurting both hull and rigging. On board the *Anacosta* was a party of twenty-two men of the New York Seventy-first regiment, under Lieutenant Prendergast, who worked the guns gallantly. Before the firing ceased the battery on shore was silenced, and the rebels were observed flying from the spot. Fearing a landing of the men from the ships, they set fire to the freight dépôt on the pier, which was entirely consumed. Several of the rebels were hurt, but whether fatally or not could not be ascertained. No one was killed on board the vessels, but the firing from the batteries shows that the guns were ably handled.

AFFAIRS AT FORTRESS MONROE.

At latest dates from Fortress Monroe, the only movement of importance going on was the transportation of heavy cannon over the Rip-Raps, situated between the fortress and the opposite shore, and commanding the channel on the other side. Between the Rip-Raps and the shore the water is very shoal—so much so, that vessels of the lightest draft can not pass without difficulty. The encampments were being rapidly brought into a condition of military order and discipline. The nearest point at which there was any considerable collection of rebel forces, except at Sewall's Point, was believed to be Yorktown, twenty-seven miles distant. About four thousand were collected there, and it was thought probable that a stand was to be made there, as the slave-owners in York, Warwick, and Elizabeth City Counties had been obliged to send thither half their negroes, with three days' provisions, to work on intrenchments.

STAMPEDE OF SLAVES.

Up to Thursday evening no less than four hundred and fifty slaves, including women and children, had fled into General Butler's camp, and they report that a general uprising of the slave population was expected.

DASHING EXPLOIT OF UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

We illustrate elsewhere the dashing exploit of Company B of the United States cavalry, by which they captured a squad of secessionists at Fairfax on Saturday morning. It was followed by a still more gallant operation in the night of the same day. It appears that the company learned that their missing companions, in number two, were to be hanged on Sunday morning; they accordingly mounted, rode down to Fairfax, discovered where the men were confined, rescued them, and bore them off in triumph.

OCCUPATION OF BIRD'S POINT.

From Cairo we learn that a full regiment of Missouri Union troops had arrived at Bird's Point, from St. Louis, composed entirely of Germans, and had taken a position there, where they are throwing up fortifications. It will be remembered that Bird's Point is the only available point of attack on Cairo from the Missouri shore, and its occupation by the Federal forces is therefore important.

THE BLOCKADE OF SOUTHERN PORTS.

The sloop of war *Brooklyn* arrived off Pass a L'Outre, at the entrance of the Mississippi River, on the 26th ult., and commenced the blockade of the port of New Orleans. The blockade of the Mobile was commenced by a Government steamer on the 27th. A large war steamer was seen off Savannah on the 18th. All the principal Southern ports are now blockaded.

INCREASE OF OUR BLOCKADING FORCE.

We shall soon have an important addition to our blockading force. The three steamers of the Mediterranean squadron are on the way home, and are about due at New York. They are the *Susquehanna*, paddle-wheel, 15 guns; the *Richmond*, screw, 14 guns; and the *Iroquois*, screw, 6 guns.

CAPTURE OF WHALERS.

From New Orleans we hear of the capture of three Northern vessels, all small whalers, by the Confederate privateer *Calhoun*.

SEIZURE OF A STEAMER FOR THE REBELS.

The screw steamer *Peerless*, supposed to have been purchased in Canada for the use of the rebels, has been seized at Quebec by the orders of Mr. Giddings, our consul.

A SPEECH FROM JEFF DAVIS.

Jeff Davis arrived in Richmond last week. One afternoon he went to the New Fair Grounds. Here a large number of ladies and gentlemen had assembled, and, on his arrival, greeted him with the heartiest demonstrations of pleasure. On leaving his saddle, the President was surrounded by an eager crowd of soldiers and civilians, whom he indulged to a hand-shaking performance, until the pressure became so great that he was compelled to retire to the balcony of the Executive Department, where, in response to the demands of the assemblage, he delivered the following brief and pertinent speech:

"My Friends and Fellow-Citizens,—I am deeply impressed with the kindness of your manifestation. I look upon you as the last best hope of liberty; and in our liberty alone is our Constitutional Government to be preserved. Upon your strong right arm depends the success of our country; and, in asserting the birth-right to which you were born, you are to remember that life and blood are nothing as compared with the immense interests you have at stake. [Cheers.] It may be that you have not long been trained, and that you have much to learn of the art of war, but I know that there beats in the breasts of Southern sons a determination never to surrender—a determination never to go home but to tell a tale of honor. [Cries of 'Never!' and applause.] Though great may be the disparity of numbers, give us a fair field and a free fight, and the Southern banner will float in triumph every where. [Cheers.] The country relies upon you. Upon you rest the hope of our people; and I have only to say, my friends, that to the last breath of my life I am wholly your own." [Tremendous cheers.]

HE APPOINTS A DAY OF PRAYER AND FASTING.

Mr. Davis has issued a proclamation to the people of the Confederate States, appointing the 13th of June a day of fasting and prayer, in the hope that the Almighty may aid them in the present hour "of difficulty and peril."

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE QUESTION.

The following letter has been published:

"Washington, May 30, 1861.

"Sir,—Your action in respect to the negroes who came within your lines, from the service of the rebels, is approved. The Department is sensible of the embarrassments which must surround officers conducting military operations in a State by the laws of which slavery is sanctioned. The government can not recognize the rejection by any State of its federal obligation resting upon itself. Among these federal obligations, however, no one can be more important than that of suppressing and dispersing any combination of the former for the purpose of overthrowing its whole constitutional authority. While, therefore, you will permit no interference, by persons under your command, with the relations of persons held to service under the laws of any State, you will, on the other hand, so long as any State within which your military operations are conducted, remain under the control of such armed combinations, *refrain from surrendering to alleged masters any persons who come within your lines.* You will employ such persons in the services to which they will be best adapted, keeping an account of the labor by them performed, of the value of it, and the expenses of their maintenance. The question of their final disposition will be reserved for future determination.

"Simon Cameron, Secretary of War.

"To Major-General Butler."

PERSONAL.

Gen. Harney has been recalled from the command in Missouri, and it is thought that Gen. Lyon will take his place.

Jefferson Davis held a levee in Richmond on Thursday last, at the Governor's mansion, where several thousand ladies and gentlemen paid their respects to him. During the day he visited the military camp, and made a very impressive address to the volunteers. Among those who accompanied Mr. Davis to Richmond is Mr. S. R. Todd, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Lincoln.

Gen. James Watson Webb has been appointed Minister to Brazil.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

RECEPTION OF MR. ADAMS.

Our Minister to England, Mr. Adams, arrived in London on the 13th of May. In expectation of his coming an arrangement had been made by Lord John Russell to receive him on Tuesday, and for his presentation to the Queen on Thursday. Lord John Russell was, however, out of town, caused by the death of his brother, the Duke of Bedford, and Mr. Adams was presented by Lord Palmerston. Every thing attending the reception is understood to have been marked by entire cordiality and friendship.

A LETTER FROM CASSIUS M. CLAY.

Hon. Cassius M. Clay, our new Minister to Russia, has addressed a letter to the London *Times* on the American question, in which he endeavors to set the public mind of England right as to the present war, declaring that its object is not the subjugation of the Southern States, but the maintenance of the laws of the United States, and expressing the opinion that the rebellion must inevitably be suppressed, and that it is the interest of England to sustain the United States Government.

FRANCE.

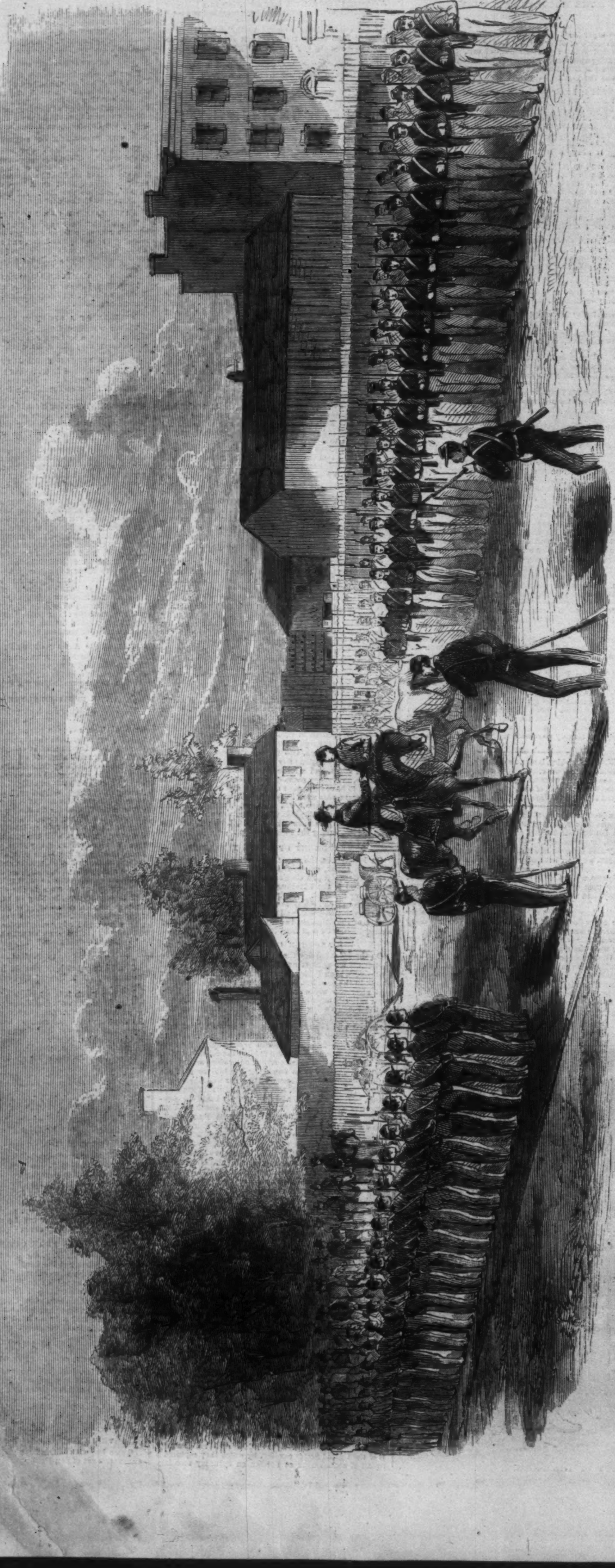
THE OCCUPATION OF SYRIA.

Lord Cowley, British Minister at Paris, has, it is said, protested against any isolated intervention in the affairs of Syria, such as was claimed by the French Ministry. A French fleet was about to sail for Beyrout to convey the troops of the Emperor home.

SPAIN.

THE ANNEXATION OF SAN DOMINGO.

Queen Isabella of Spain has signed her acceptance of the annexation act of San Domingo.



COMPANY OF SECESSION CAVALRY SURRENDERING TO COLONEL WILCOX, OF THE FIRST MICHIGAN REGIMENT, IN FRONT OF THE SLAVE-PEN AT ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.—[Drawn by our Special Artist.]

MY LITTLE SWEET-HEART.

Ah! sad are they of whom no poet writes,
Nor ever any story-teller hears—
The childless mothers who on lonesome nights
Sit by their fires and weep, having the chores
Done for the day, and time enough to see
All the wide floors
Swept clean of playthings, they, as needs must be,
Have time enough for tears.

But there are griefs more sad
Than ever any childless mother had—
You know them, who do smother nature's cries
Under poor masks
Of smiling, slow despair—
Who put your white and unadorning hair
Out of your way, and keep at homely tasks
Unblest with any praises of men's eyes,
Till death comes to you with his piteous care
And to unmarriageable beds you go,
Saying, "It is not much—'tis well, if so
We only be made fair,
And looks of love await us when we rise."

My cross is not as hard as theirs to bear,
And yet alike to me are storms or calms:
My life's young joy,
The brown-cheeked farmer boy,
Who led the daisies with him like his lambs—
Carved his sweet picture on my milking-pail,
And cut my name upon his thrashing-flail,
One day stopped singing at his plow—alas!
Before that summer-time was gone, the grass
Had choked the path which to the sheep-field led,
Where I had watched him tread
So oft on evening's trail—
A shining oat-sheaf balanced on his head,
And nodding to the gale.

Rough wintry weather came, and when it sped,
The emerald wave
Swelling above my little sweet-heart's grave,
With such bright, bubbly flowers was set about,
I thought he blew them out,
And so took comfort that he was not dead.

For I was of a rude and ignorant crew,
And hence believed whatever things I saw
Were the expression of a hidden law;
And with a wisdom wiser than I knew
Evoked the simple meanings out of things
By childlike questionings.

And he they named with shudderings of fear
Had never, in his life, been half so near
As when I sat all day with cheeks unkissed,
And listened to the whisper, very low,
That said our love, above death's wave of woe,
Was joined together like the seamless mist.

God's yea and nay
Are not so far away,
I said, but I can hear them when I please;
Nor could I understand
Their doubting faith, who only touch his hand
Across the blind, bewildering centuries.

And often yet, upon the shining track
Of the old faith, come back
My childish fancies, never quite subdued,
And when the sunset shuts up in the wood
The whispery sweetness of uncertainty,
And night, with misty locks that loosely drop
About his ears, brings rest, a welcome boon,
Playing his pipe with many a starry stop
That makes a golden snarling in his tune;

I see my little lad
Under the leafy shelter of the boughs,
Driving his noiseless, visionary cows,
Clad in a beauty I alone can see:
Laugh, you, who never had
Your dead come back, but do not take from me
The harmless comfort of my foolish dream,
That these, our mortal eyes,
Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies,
Do introvert upon eternity:

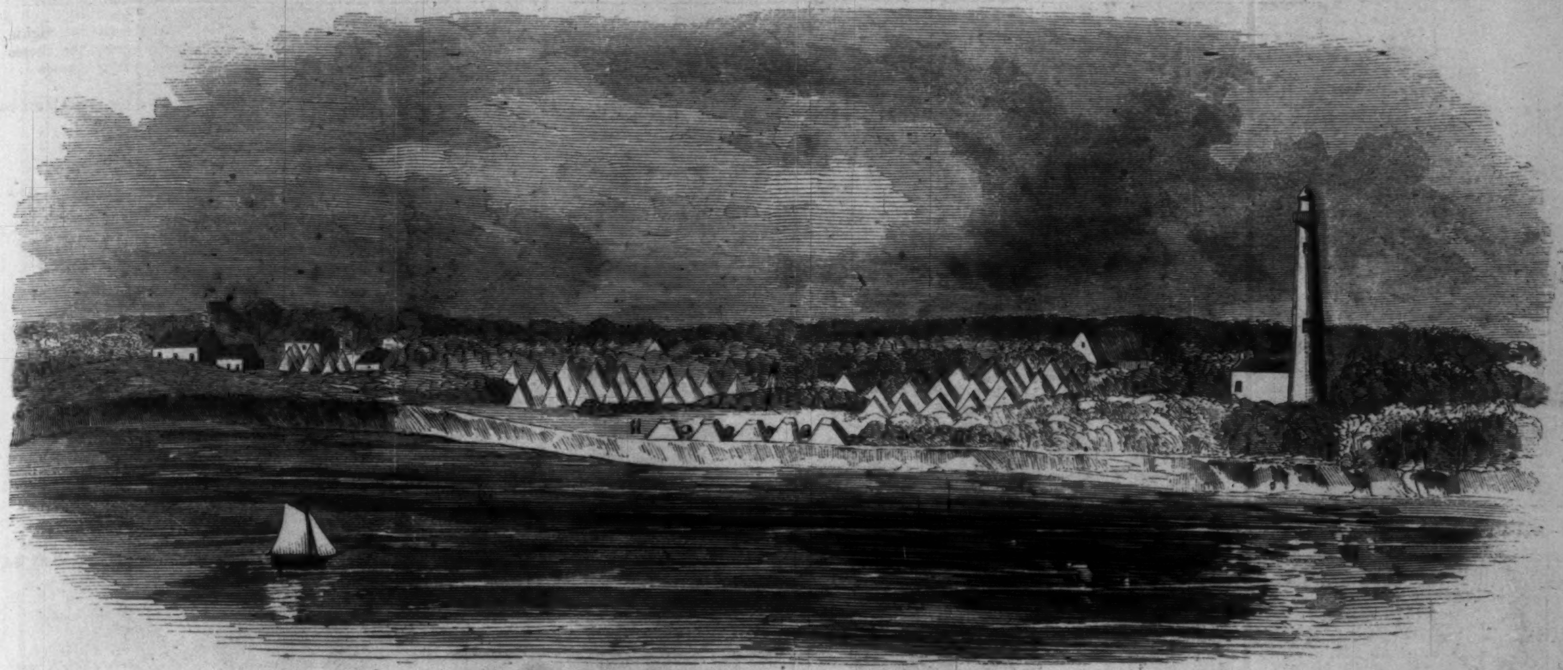
And that the shapes you deem
Imaginations, just as clearly fall;
Each from its own divine original,
And through some subtle element of light,
Upon the inward, spiritual eye,
As do the things which round about them lie,
Gross and maternal on the external sight.

CAPTURE OF SECESSION CAVALRY AT ALEXANDRIA.

We publish herewith, from a drawing by our special artist, an engraving of the Capture of Forty Secession Cavalry at Alexandria, Virginia, on the morning of 24th ult., when the advance into Virginia was made. The correspondent of the *Herald* thus described the affair:

One of the most unexpected features of this morning's military adventures into Virginia was the capture of a company of four officers and thirty-six men, composed of F. F. V.'s, of Fairfax County, Virginia, who had been enrolled into a brilliant and dashing cavalry corps. This secession company were early alarmed by the arrival of the Government forces in Alexandria, and, mounting their horses, began a precipitate retreat, riding till they believed themselves far beyond the reach of pursuit. They were rejoiced to see troops advancing from the west, whom they supposed to be reinforcements to their aid. Rushing hastily forward, they found themselves surrounded by the Michigan volunteers, and surrendered without a blow.

They were taken on board the steamer *Baltimore*, Captain West, and conveyed as prisoners of war to the Navy-yard. We found them gayly attired, with feathered chapeaus, apparently unconscious of the fate to which their treason naturally consigns them. Some of them were anxious to convince those with whom they conversed that their friends and relations, as well as their own unbiased sympathies, were on the side of the flag of our Union. They were a crest-fallen troop indeed, for some had already doffed their feathered chapeau for the simple felt. The captain was a man of fine physique and carriage. His plume was still aloft, and spurs in place, and haversack marked "W. W. Ball." Doubtless his admirers and friends are still in a maze at his sudden trip across the Potomac.



GENERAL BRAGG'S CAMP, AS SEEN FROM FORT PICKENS.—[Drawn by an Officer of the Fort.]

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS OF FORT PICKENS.

We publish on page 374, from a sketch by an officer in Fort Pickens, a view of a Mortar Battery lately erected on Santa Rosa Island by the Federal troops, and on this page a View of General Bragg's Camp, from a drawing by the same officer, and a drawing of the interior of one of the Sand-bag Batteries bearing on Fort Pickens, from a sketch by our artist who has been traveling with W. H. Russell, Esq., LL.D., Correspondent of the London *Times*.

The officer to whom we are indebted for the two first-mentioned pictures thus writes us concerning them:

Fort Pickens, *May* 11, 1861.

With this you will receive a sketch of part of one of the Federal Mortar Batteries on Santa Rosa Island, near Fort Pickens.

This battery, a portion of which is seen in the sketch, was recently built by Lieutenant Tidball, of the 2d Artillery. The central object in the view is a bomb-proof shelter, used as a retreat from a heavy fire, the mass of sand on its roof forming a perfect security against shells of the largest calibre. The powder and loaded shells are kept in similar shelters, according to the usage of war. The ruin of brick-work on its left, and but a few feet in its rear, is all that remains of a large redoubt once held by the English. Whether they built it or no I can not tell, as in those days there was a proverb that the "Spanish built forts, the English held them, and the French took them." When General Jackson came down to Pensacola in 1814, to look after Federal interests in his unauthorized but energetic way, he found the Spanish occupying several points about the place, all protected by a net-work of friendly relations with the Home Secretary in England, who was well represented on the occasion by a fine body of English troops fresh from the Peninsula. A portion of these occupied the redoubt whose ruins are seen in the sketch. Jackson cut the net-work by opening fire without orders—an example that might be followed with advantage by some Federalists of the present day. The Spanish and English withdrew after blowing up the forts and redoubts. In 1819 they returned again, but again the Federalists ousted them. It is a curious coincidence that our Government should occupy these points immortalized in history—that it should be here building up new works to teach its rebellious children a lesson that they might have learned on the site of the old. I looked with curious feeling upon some old nine-pound shot that the workmen turned up the other day while building the battery. Those shot were fired by Jackson, in all probability, and answered by some long "thirty-twos," which now lie on some old logs at the left of the battery. Many years have rolled by since their hoarse voices were heard by Jackson as he threw off the dead weight of official ignorance and drove the intruders from Florida. You can still see the big "G. R." on the reinforce of the guns, but time has strewn huge scales from their muzzles amidst the grass where they have lain neglected so long.

This battery is only a part of the defenses outside of the fort. This side of it the ground rolls off in a series of sand hills, which form excellent natural traverses, and would well conceal from the enemy as many as ten or fifteen regiments.

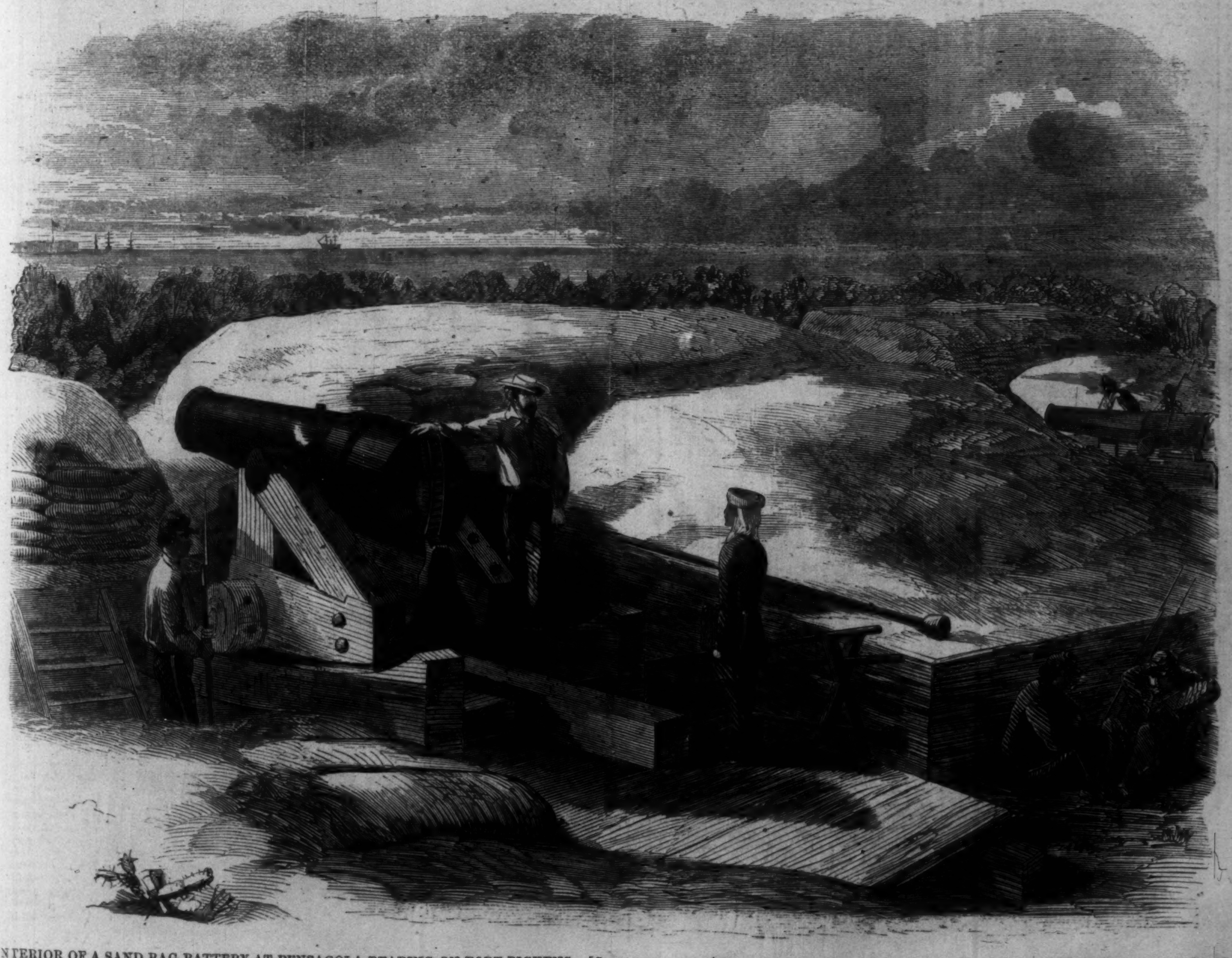
In sending us the view of General Bragg's camp, he says:

Fort Pickens, *May* 12, 1861.

Inclosed I send you a sketch of the encampment west of the light-house and nearly opposite Fort Pickens. In front of the tents, near the shore, is seen one of their sand batteries, in which they have mounted several Columbiads. It is reported that they have now 10,000 men here; but I imagine 6000 is much nearer the exact number. This battery commands the entrance to the harbor, but is too far off to do much injury to the fort, the distance being nearly 1¼ miles. The light-house seen on the right is a very fine one, but has not been lighted since the night of April 12, when it was suddenly extinguished during a great *scare* of the secessionists, caused by the firing of a few guns from the *Wyandotte*, which led them to suspect the fleet was coming in. They immediately extinguished the light and lighted up their batteries. In the mean time, Captain Vodges's company landed, captured one of their guard-boats, which, as soon as the troops were in the fort, was allowed to go back, and convey to General Bragg the gratifying intelligence that the fort was reinforced.

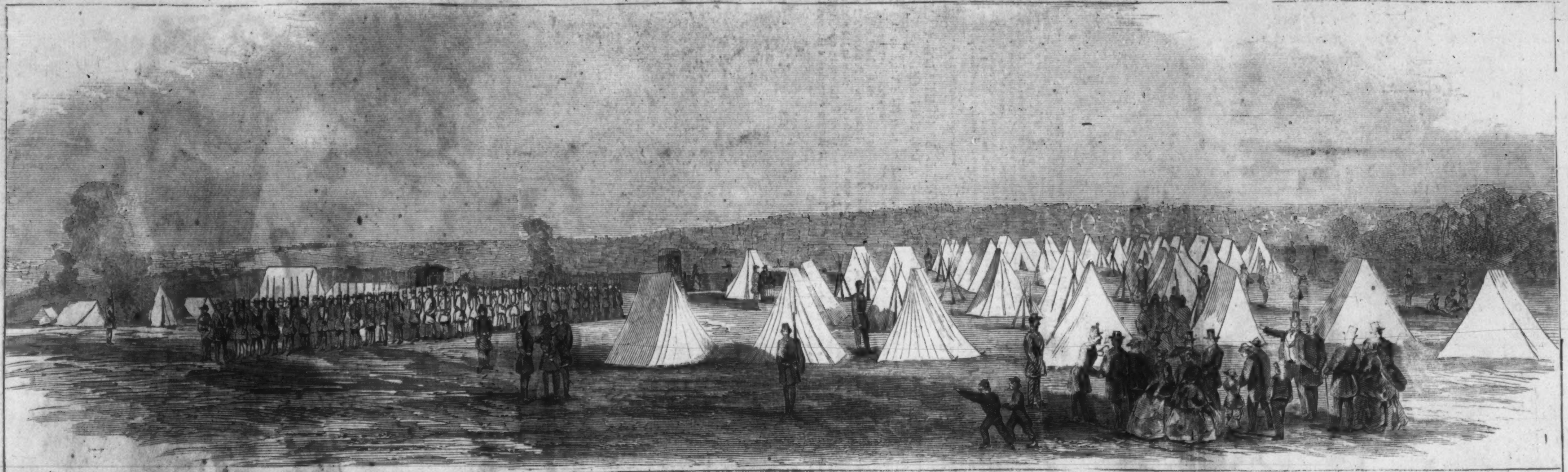
COLONEL MOREHEAD'S CAMP AT BALTIMORE.

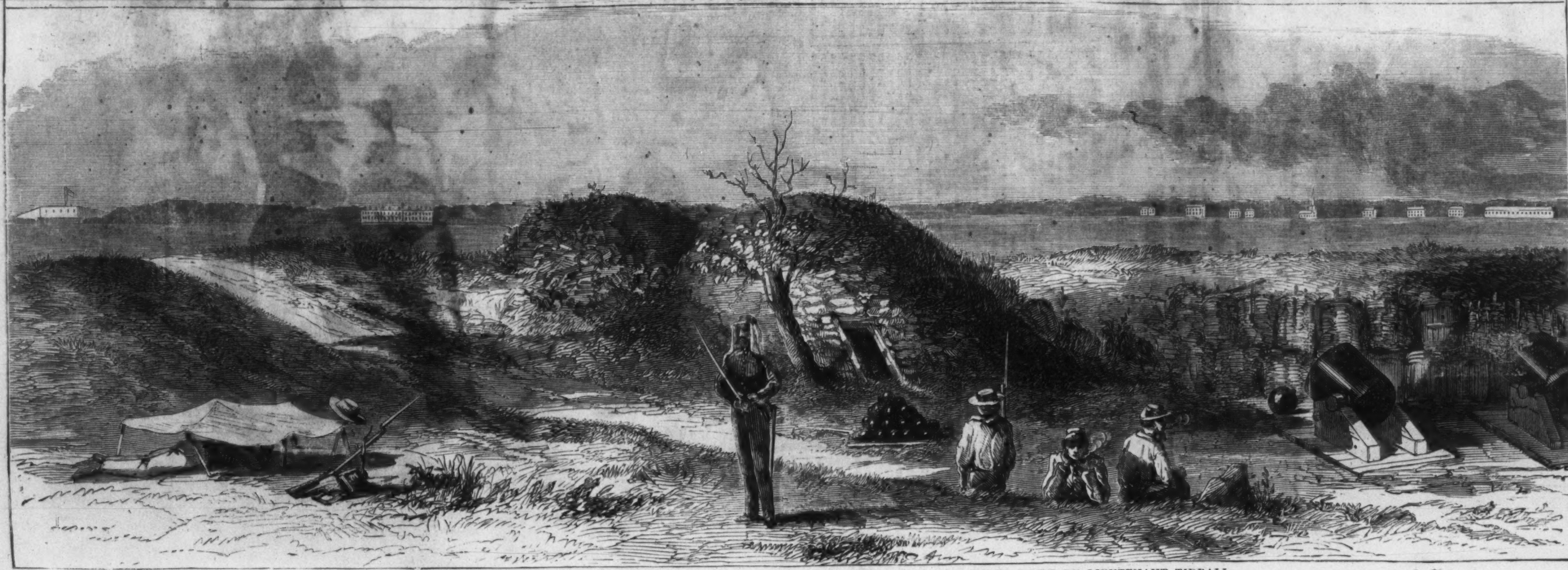
We publish on page 374 a View of the Encampment of United States Volunteers, under Colonel Morehead, on the land adjoining Patterson's Park, Baltimore. Patterson's Park will be seen on the left of the tents in the picture. If the late accounts from Baltimore be correct, this encampment will possess remarkable interest before long.



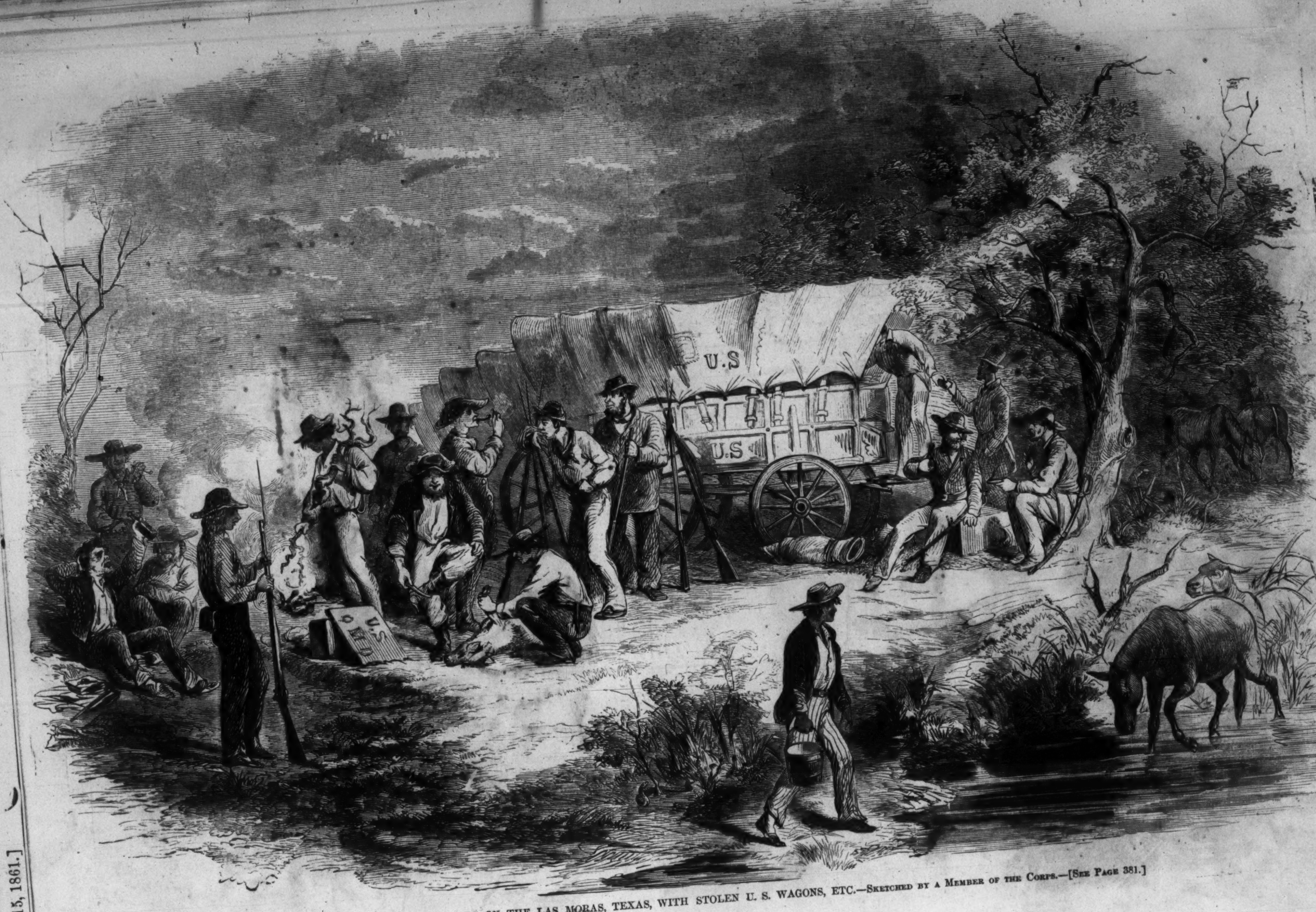
INTERIOR OF A SAND-BAG BATTERY AT PENSACOLA BEARING ON FORT PICKENS.—[Sketched by our Artist, who has been traveling with W. H. Russell, LL.D., Barrister at Law.]

COLONEL MOREHEAD'S CAMP, NEAR PATTERSON'S PARK, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—[Photographed by Weaver.]

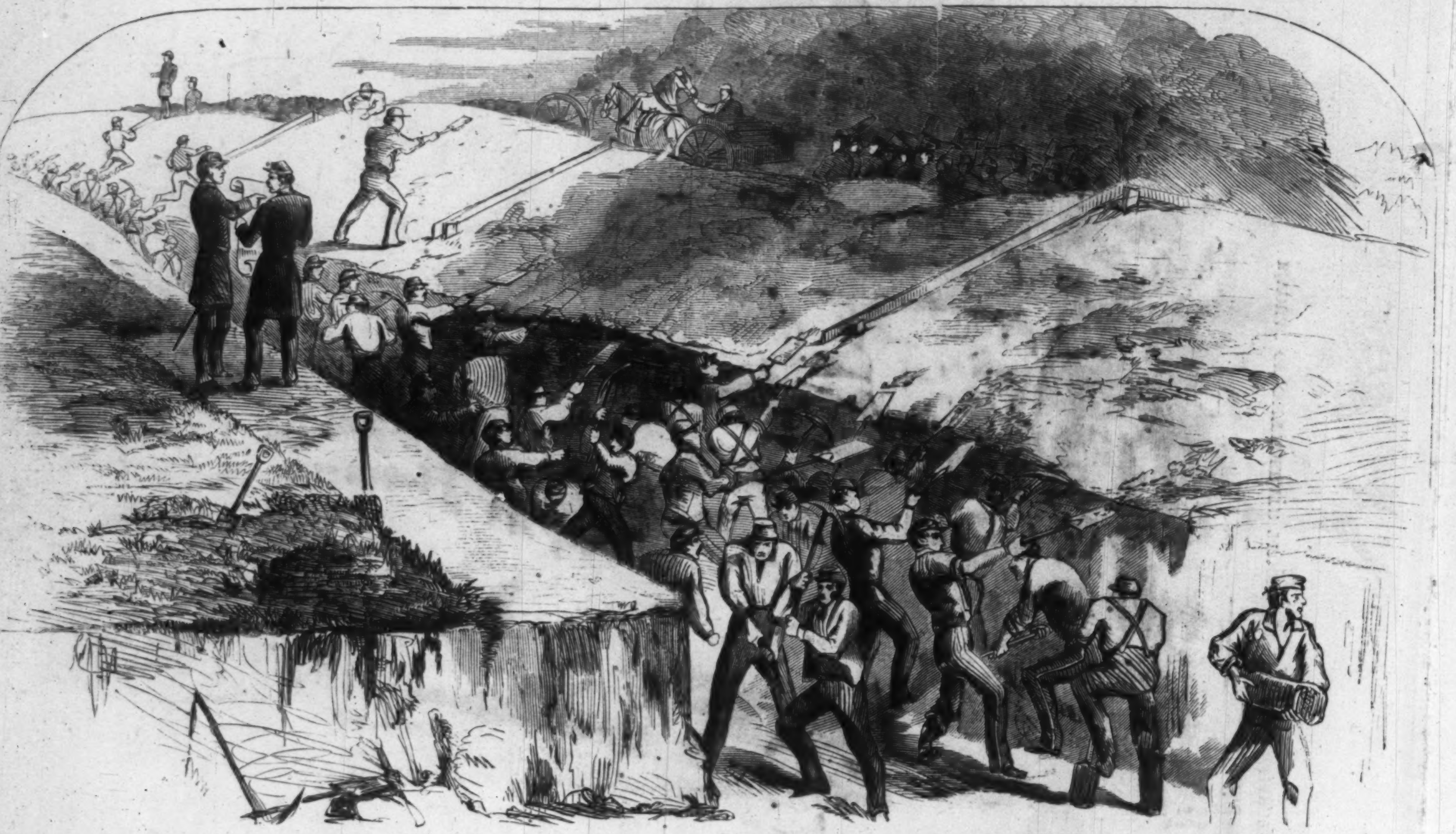




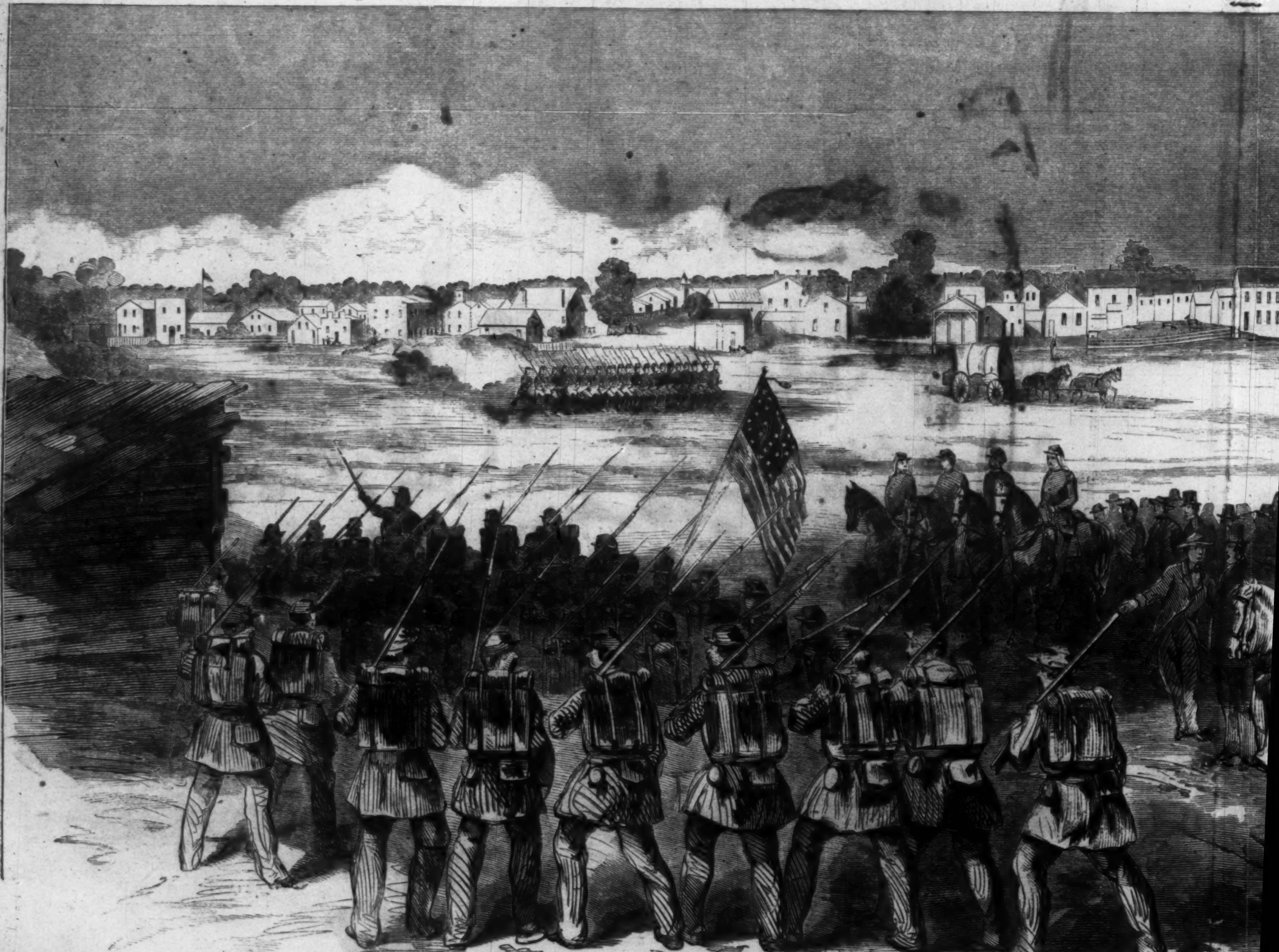
ONE OF THE MORTAR BATTERIES JUST ERECTED ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND TO SUPPORT FORT PICKENS, BUILT BY LIEUTENANT TIDBALL.



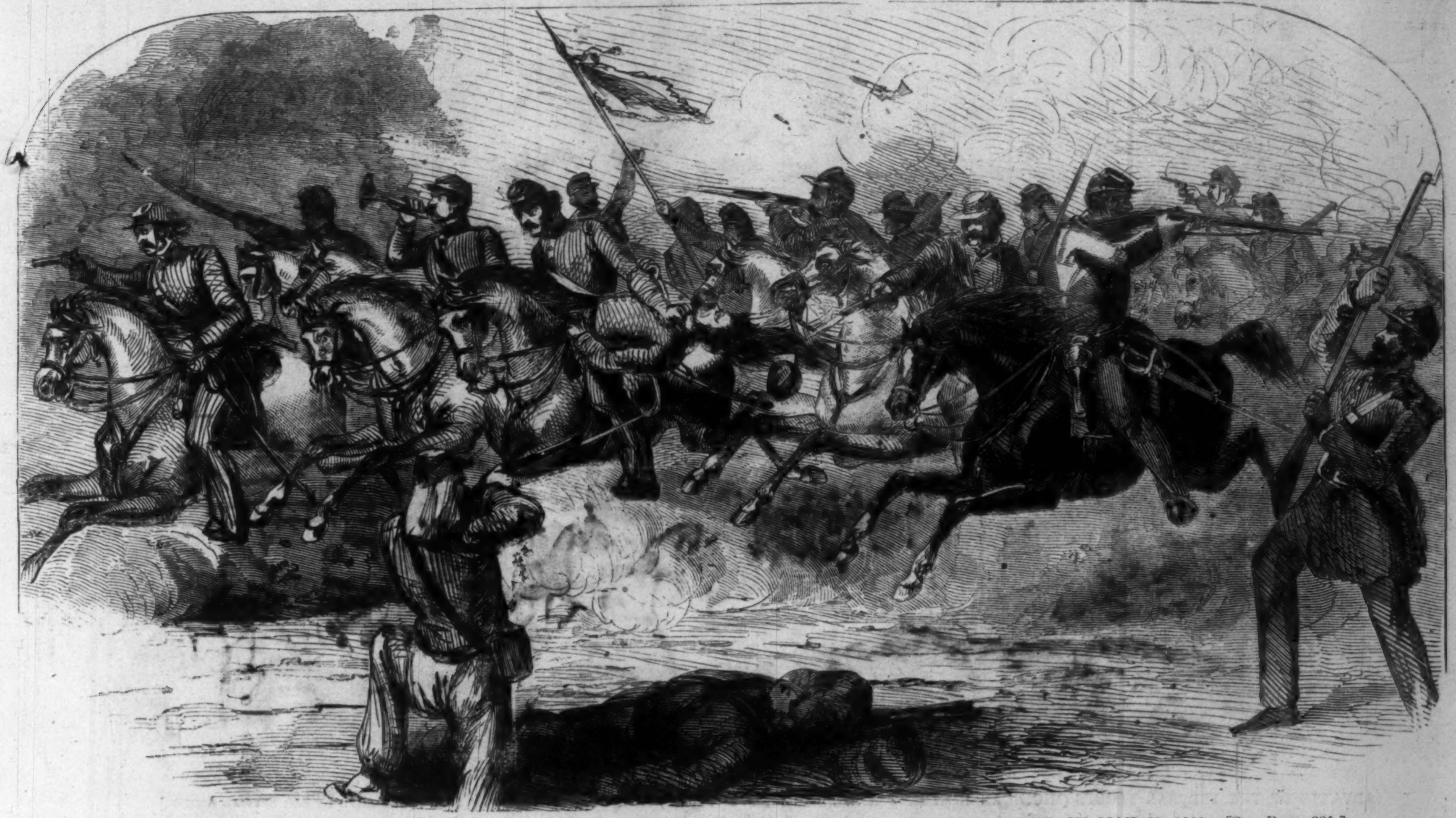
BIVOUAC OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS ON THE LAS MORAS, TEXAS, WITH STOLEN U. S. WAGONS, ETC.—Sketched by a Member of the Corps.—[See Page 381.]



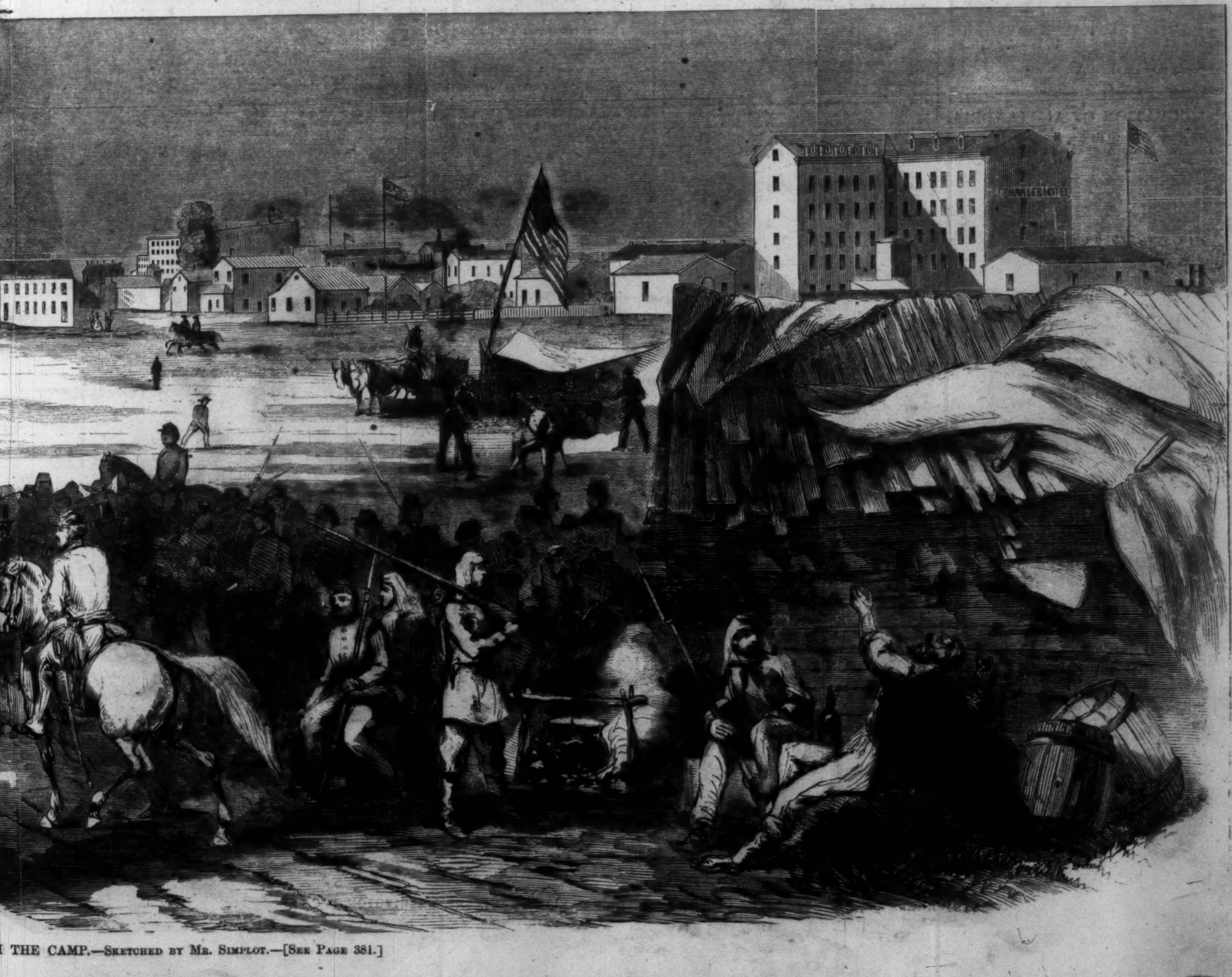
UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS THROWING UP INTRENCHMENTS ON ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.



THE CITY OF CAIRO, ILLINOIS, AS SEEN FROM TH

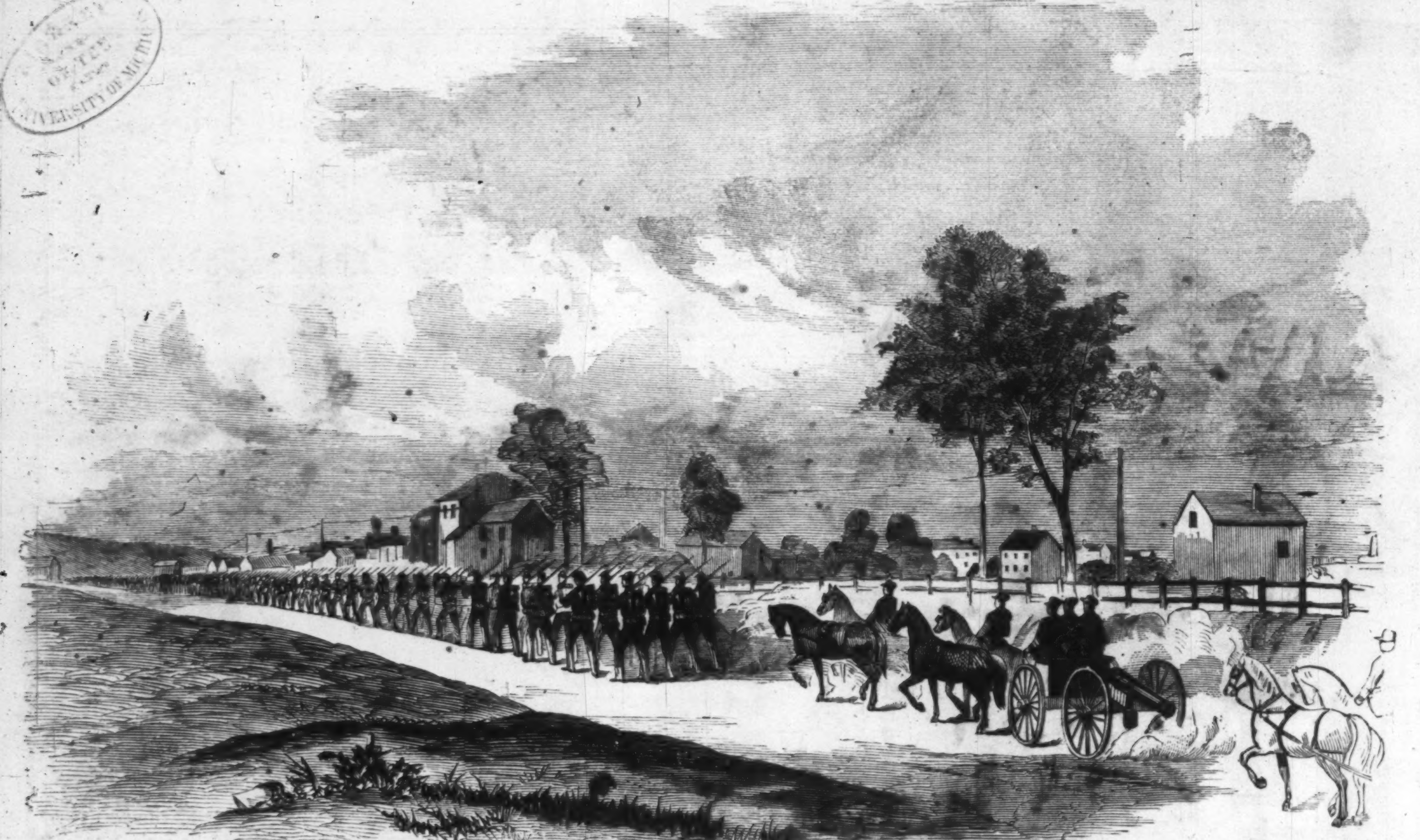


BRILLIANT CHARGE OF UNITED STATES CAVALRY THROUGH THE VILLAGE OF FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, ON MAY 31, 1861.—[See Page 381.]



THE CAMP.—Sketched by Mr. Simplot.—[See Page 381.]

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



ADVANCE OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS (MICHIGAN REGIMENT AND SHERMAN'S BATTERY) INTO ALEXANDRIA, MAY 24.—[Sketched by our Special Artist.]

CAMP ANDERSON.

A correspondent has sent us a sketch of Camp Anderson, the original encampment of the Twelfth Regiment N. Y. S. M., at Washington, and we herewith reproduce it, in order that our friends who have relatives in the Regiment may see how they are situated.

OCCUPATION OF ALEXANDRIA.

We publish on this page an engraving of the Occupation of Alexandria by the Michigan Regiment, and Sherman's Battery of Artillery. The latter is the splendid battery which was the first to turn out on the occasion of the recent alarm at Washington. Mr. George Wilkes saw them pass up the Avenue, and thus described the scene in a letter to the *Tribune:*

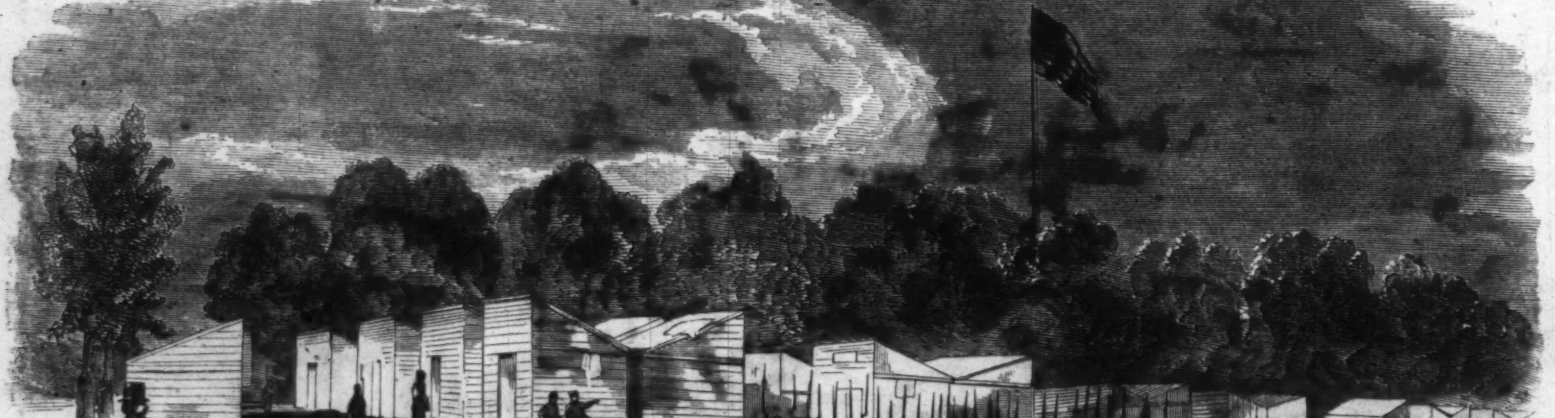
> Cheers rose from the crowds as the dragoons went by; but before those cheers were done a vast rumbling was heard in the same direction which the dragoons had come from, and in the next instant Sherman's famous battery, with six horses to each gun, were seen tearing around into the Avenue at fearful speed, the troopers and cannoneers screaming wildly, like so many madmen, as they went. Their rate of progress was so swift that in turning the Fourteenth Street corner the whirl of the gun-carriage spun off a left-hand wheel, and dashed the vehicle against an iron post, flinging the men off the caissons, and knocking down two of the horses. But the remaining horses were whipped on, dragging the fallen animals on their sides along the road, and the naked axle doing duty for the missing wheel. They passed shouting out of sight, and the accelerating huzzas of the equally crazy multitude went after them as long as their wheels and voices could be heard.

FORT WAYNE, MICHIGAN.

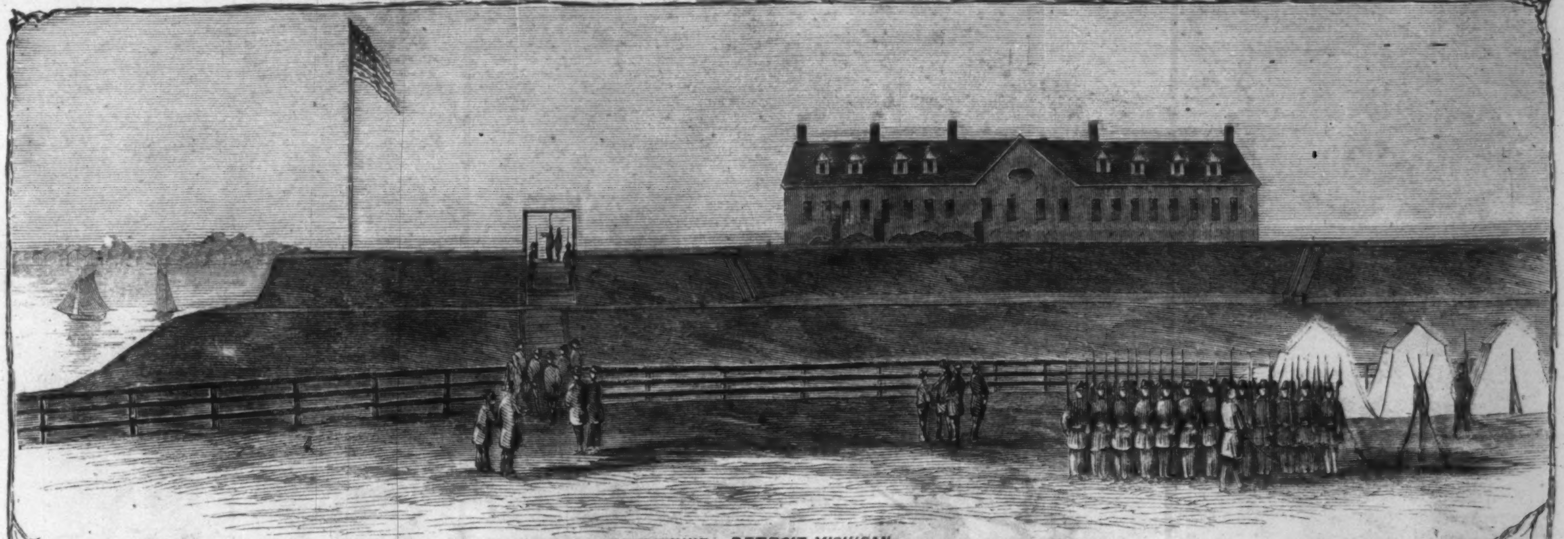
We publish on next page a view of Fort Wayne, on the Detroit River, Michigan, now in possession of the Michigan Volunteers. The following description is from the Detroit *Advertiser:*

> Fort Wayne was commenced under the supervision of Captain Meigs about 1840, and brought to its present state in 1850. Thus far it has cost the Government $175,000, and the finishing it will probably involve an expense of at least $50,000 more. The timber used in its construction is red cedar and kyanized oak. It is an earth-work, and square shaped, with bastion corners, surrounded by a ditch. On the water side is an out-work separated from the main by a trench; this out-work will contain fifteen guns. The main work is reached from the out-work by an underground passage, which is guarded at each end by heavy iron doors. The entire work will mount forty-seven heavy guns and sixteen light pieces for sweeping the ditch; of these latter there are four on each bastion. On the east side is the main entrance to the fort, which is another tunnel also guarded with iron doors.

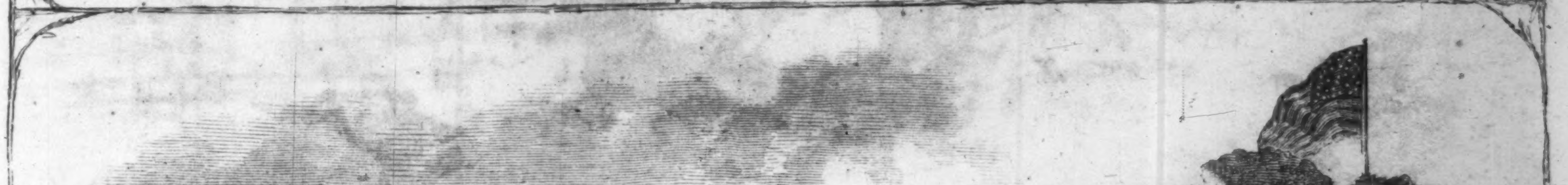
One Michigan regiment is now in Alexandria.



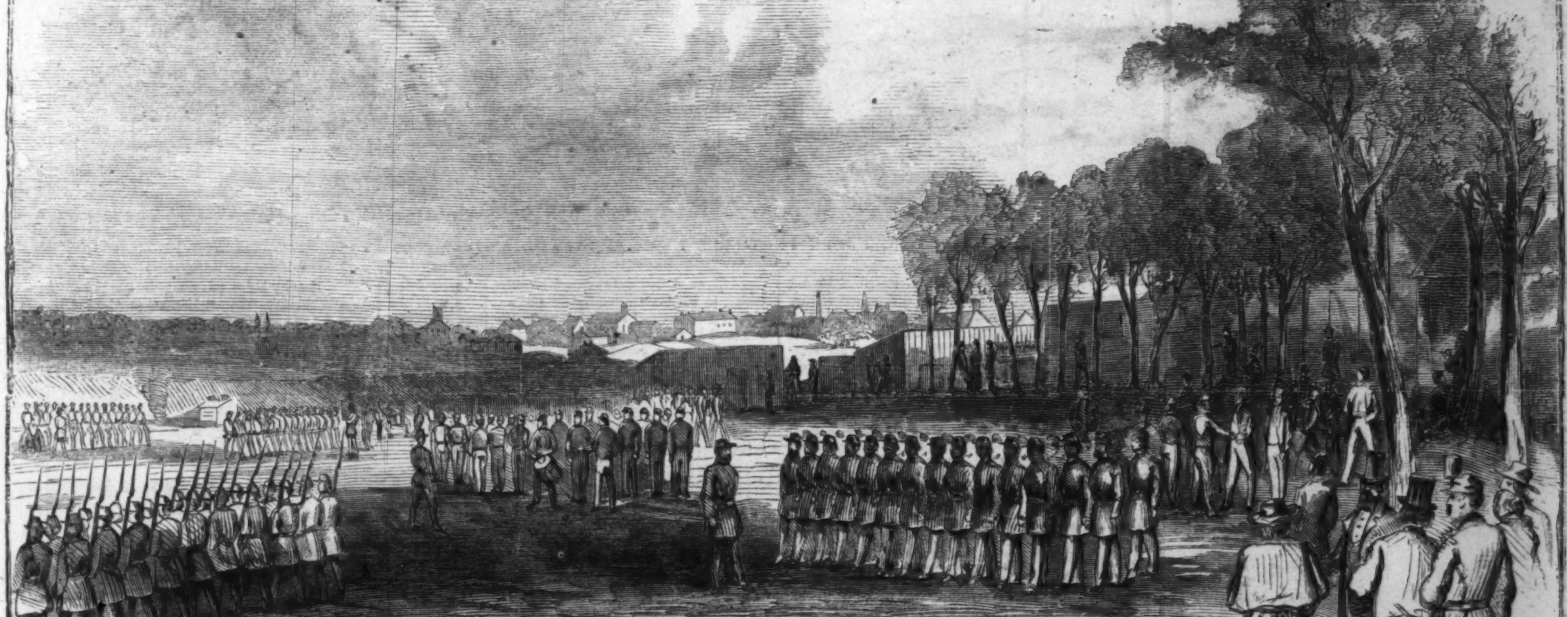
CAMP ANDERSON, HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE NEW YORK TWELFTH REGIMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.



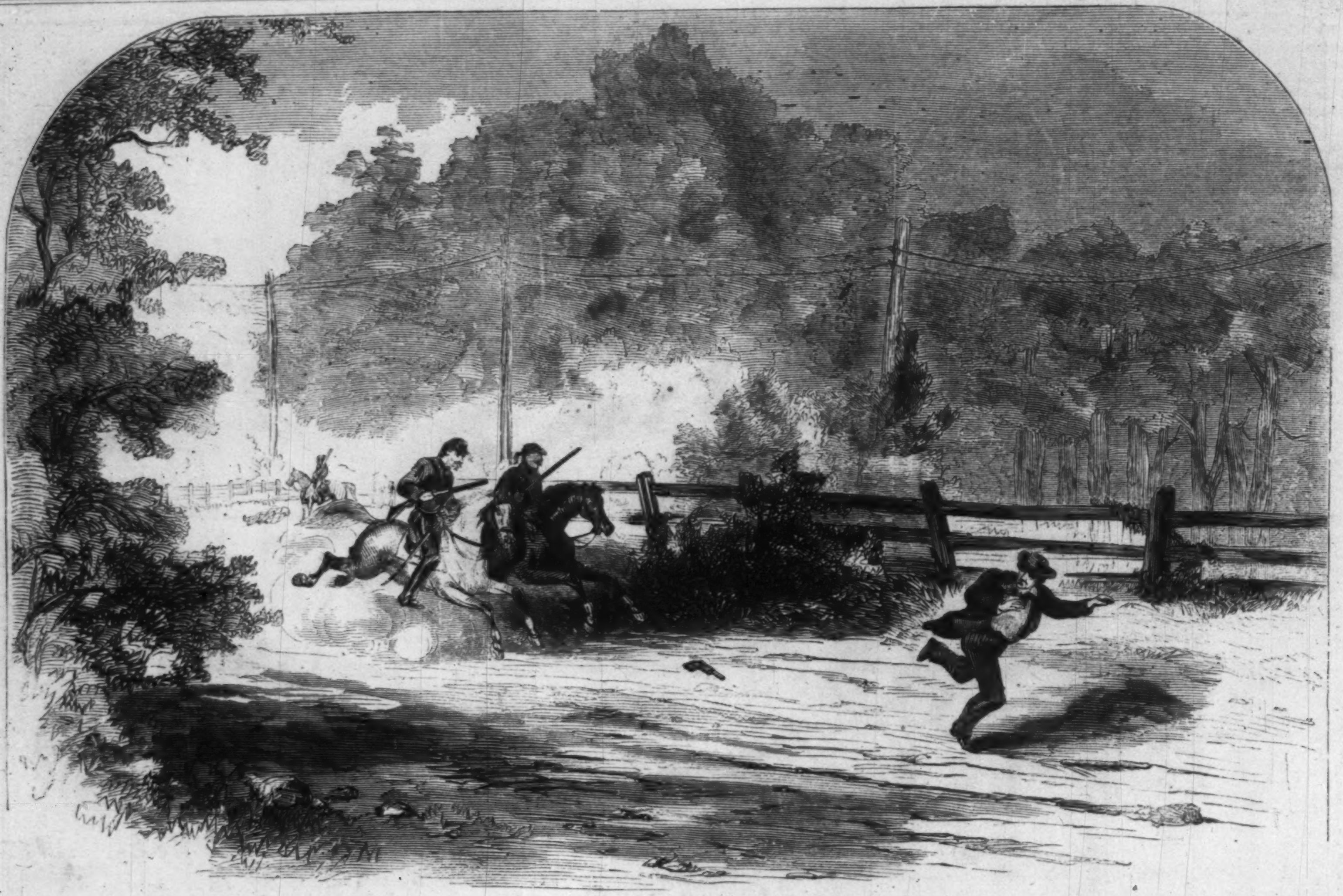
FORT WAYNE—DETROIT, MICHIGAN.



CAMP SCOTT—FREEPORT, ILLINOIS.



CAPTAIN SALER'S ENCAMPMENT, WEST OF ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[Sketched from Rock Spring Road.]

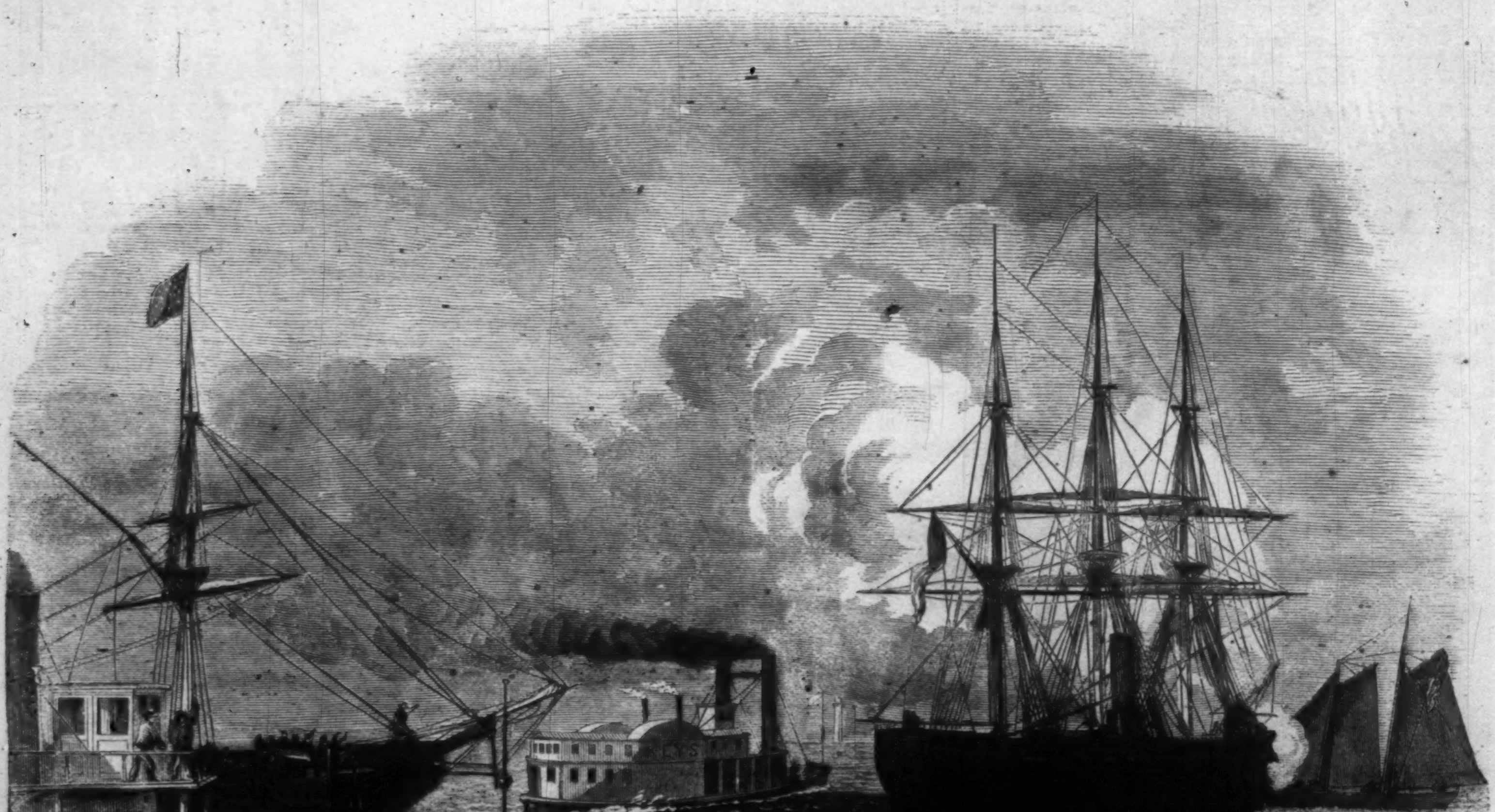


UNITED STATES PICKETS CHASING AND SHOOTING REBEL PROWLERS NEAR ALEXANDRIA.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

SHOOTING REBEL PROWLERS.

WE publish above a picture of SHOOTING REBEL PROWLERS near Alexandria. Our special artist writes:

On Monday night, May 27, a picket guard of United States cavalry were stationed some two or three miles from Alexandria on a country road. They were fired upon, and seeing some one moving behind the fence, one of the guards fired his carbine and killed one of the rebels. A few minutes afterward they were again fired upon, the party firing taking to his heels immediately afterward. Two of the pickets pursued and shot him, while the third remained on guard by the body of the man previously shot. On examination passes were found on both, which they had obtained the day before on some plausible pretext from Captain Whittlesey, Provost-Marshal at Alexandria, and had used for the purpose of getting outside the town with intent to murder some of our soldiers, and commit other dastardly acts.



REBEL STEAMBOATS OVERHAULED BY UNITED STATES MEN-OF-WAR IN THE GULF.—[SKETCHED BY A UNITED STATES OFFICER.]

CAPTURE OF REBEL STEAMERS.

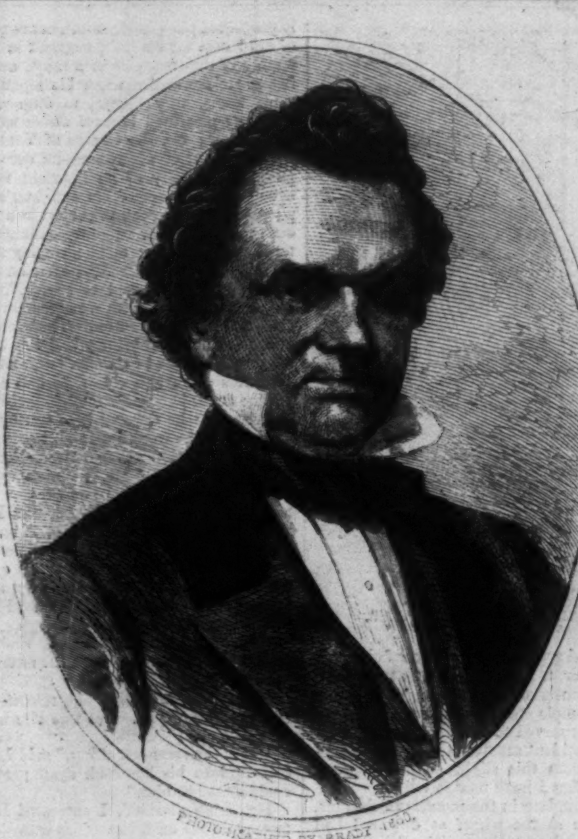
WE publish on the preceding page a picture representing the capture of two high-pressure steamboats by the United States steamers *Powhatan* and *Brooklyn* on 7th ult., from a sketch by an officer of the *Brooklyn*. The author of the sketch writes us as follows concerning them:

UNITED STATES STEAMER "BROOKLYN,"
OFF PENSACOLA, *May* 13, 1861.

This sketch represents the capture of two high-pressure steamboats by the United States steamers *Brooklyn* and *Powhatan*, on the afternoon of the 7th. A rigid blockade is now enforced at this point, and no vessels except those in ballast are allowed to enter or leave the harbor. On the afternoon above mentioned the smoke of two steamers was seen in the distance, and thinking they might be armed, or perhaps contain reinforcements or provisions, the *Powhatan* and *Brooklyn* immediately went to intercept them. The *Powhatan* having received orders first, succeeded in getting under way before us, and had captured them before we came up. They proved to be the steamers *Dick Keys* and *Henry Lewis*. The *Keys* tried to give us the slip. She started in toward the harbor under a very high pressure of steam. The gun-boat *Oriental* fired a shot at her, but she kept on. One of our guns was then brought to bear and a shot fired forward of her bows. This was unheeded; another followed, and this time nearly grazing her stern, she stopped immediately and returned alongside. The *Lewis* then attempted to do the same thing. She started off, but a shell from a small howitzer on board checked her course. An armed boat's crew and an officer was sent on board of each to take charge. They were then brought near the flag-ship. After having been overhauled, and no arms or ammunition being found on board, their cargoes consisting only of hay, oats, and flour, consigned to a private house in Pensacola, they were permitted to return to Mobile whence they came.

DOUGLAS.

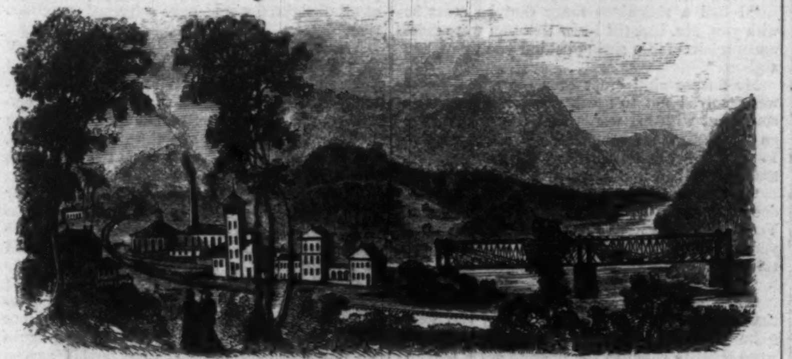
BORN APRIL 23, 1813. DIED JUNE 3, 1861.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY 1860.

Your friend
S. A. Douglas

AT twenty feeble, friendless, and almost penniless, seeking bread and a career in the Great West; at twenty-one admitted to the bar; at twenty-two placed at the head of the profession in his district; at twenty-three a member of the Legislature; at twenty-five unfairly defeated for member of Congress—his only political defeat in his adopted State; at twenty-seven Secretary of State; at twenty-eight Judge of the Supreme Court; at thirty a member of Congress; at thirty-two chosen to the Senate of the United States—thenceforward the recognized leader of the great Democratic party; at forty-three a leading candidate for the Presidential nomination; at forty-six fairly nominated, and losing his election only through that treachery to party which was a portion of the greater treason against the nation; at forty-seven the one to whom all eyes were turning as the head of the regenerated nation; at forty-eight dead, with so much done, and so much more that must have been done had life been prolonged. No statesman at such an early age has left so broad a mark upon our history. He was a born leader. His untiring energy, unfailing dexterity, and indomitable courage would have given him pre-eminence in any sphere. The youth of sixteen, looking like a boy of twelve, was in his native Green Mountain village the companion and associate of men. The stalwart men of Illinois recognized at first sight their leader and champion in the slight youth, effeminate in look, save for the massive head which crowned the feeble body, who came a stranger among them; and they never lost an opportunity of heaping upon him every honor in their gift. He grew to the greatness of every occasion. The keen Lawyer became at once the able Judge; the acute Politician developed with marvelous rapidity into the far-seeing Statesman; the dexterous Partisan became the bold and uncompromising Patriot. When the occasion demanded he sprang to the support of the President whose election was gained by his own defeat. It is too early for us fully to appreciate the loss which the nation has sustained by his untimely death at a moment when a nobler career was opening before him than has been presented to any American since the time of the Father of our Country. Of all these glorious possibilities we can now only say, "They might have been." The portrait which we give—the latest authentic one ever taken—is that by which he himself wished to be remembered by posterity. It presents the man, in his best mood, at the culminating point of his life, before the cares and illness of the last weary months had left their traces upon his noble face.



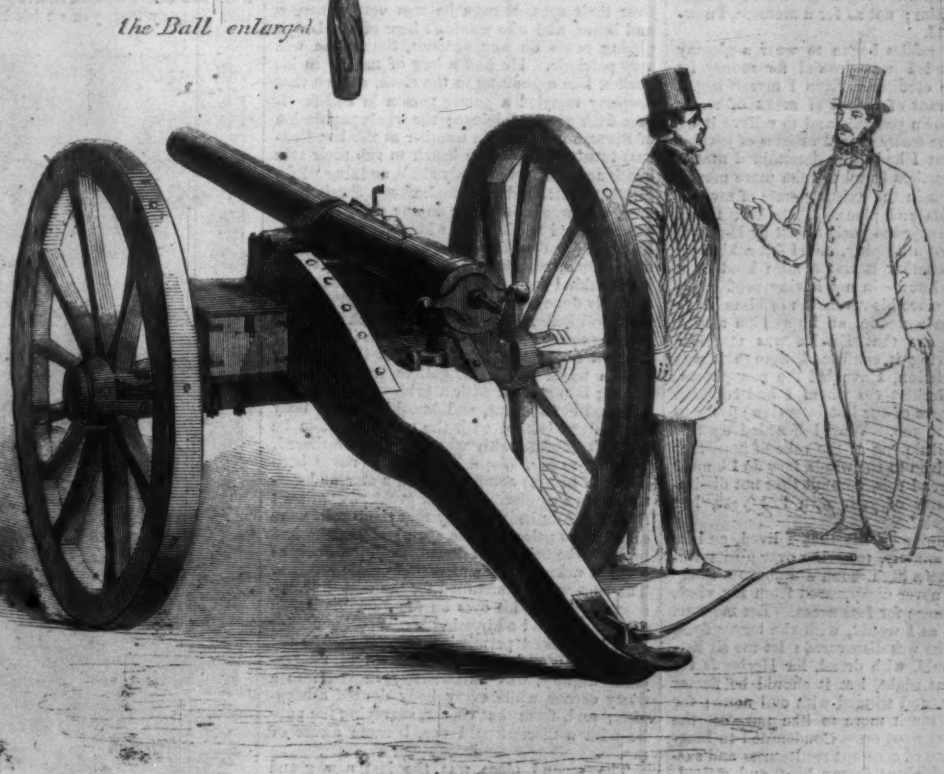
GRAFTON, VIRGINIA, NOW OCCUPIED BY GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S FORCES.

THE WHITWORTH GUN SENT FROM ENGLAND.

WE publish herewith an engraving of one of the Whitworth guns which have been presented to our Government by loyal Americans in England. Two of the guns have already arrived. The following description will enable our readers to understand this beautiful piece:

The guns are made by the Whitworth Ordnance Company of Manchester, are nine feet long, load at the breech, and weigh 1100 pounds. The bore is 3 inches, and the twist such as to turn the ball three times in the gun. The ball is a double cone of iron 9¼ inches long, weighs 12 pounds, and has grooves cast in it which fit the twist of the gun. There is no leaden band on it. The charge of powder required to throw it five miles is 2¼ pounds; for three miles only ten ounces. The barrel is of wrought iron, the breech-screw and breech-cap of steel. The battery of six pieces cost $12,000, including freight, or $2000 for each gun.

When charged, the breech of the gun is closed by the breech-cap, which is screwed on. This cap works in a hoop which swings on a hinge, so as to allow it, when unscrewed, to move back like a door. The cap is screwed and unscrewed by a handle. When unscrewed, the projectile is pushed in, and behind it is inserted a canister or cartridge shaped to fit the bore. The powder is kept in the cartridge by a wad of lubricating material. After the insertion of the cartridge, and the screwing on of the breech, an ordinary friction fuse is inserted in the vent, made, as stated, in the centre of the breech-cap, and the piece is discharged generally in less than a minute from the time of beginning to load, and that without any attempt to hurry. When the piece is discharged, there is no escape of gases from the breech; and when the cap is unscrewed and swung aside, the end of the tin cartridge case is seized by hand, or by a suitable gripping instrument, and is withdrawn from the gun. The case thus brings away all the fouling deposits, and as the barrel is completely lubricated by the lubricating wad, no sponging nor cleansing by water is required. The shots as they issue cleanse the gun.



THE WHITWORTH GUN PRESENTED TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BY LOYAL AMERICANS IN ENGLAND.

A REBEL BIVOUAC IN TEXAS.

WE publish on page 375 a picture of a REBEL ENCAMPMENT IN TEXAS, from a sketch sent us by a gentleman whose secessionist views are beyond question. He writes:

After the surrender of San Antonio by General Twiggs State troops were organized in order to take possession of the forts occupied by the U.S. Army. The above is a true picture of a portion of said State troops encamping on the Las Moras, near Fort Clark, on their way to the upper posts (Hudson, Lancaster, and Davis). The picture ought to speak for itself. We need not remind that the "U. S.'s" and the "Q. M. D.'s" imply their former owners; and add, furthermore, that no white man in these diggins will be astonished to see the poor Mexicans do all the "hauling of wood and drawing of water," the Dons being engaged in smoking cigarritos, eating sardines, drinking Pat's "favorite," superintending the killing of a *stray* pig, etc., etc. A lineal descendant of Montezuma stands sentinel, by order No. 1: "Put none but true Southerners on guard to-night!"

CAIRO FROM THE CAMP.

WE publish on pages 376 and 377 a VIEW OF CAIRO FROM THE CAMP, which will enable our friends throughout the country who have relatives there to realize the spot. The St. Charles Hotel, the large building on the right of the picture, is the head-quarters of General Prentiss. The latest rumor regarding Cairo is that it is to be attacked by Southern troops under the command of General Beauregard. Our picture is from a drawing by Mr. Simplot. In the last number but one of *Harper's Weekly* we gave a plan and description of the Camp at Cairo.

GALLANT CHARGE OF UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

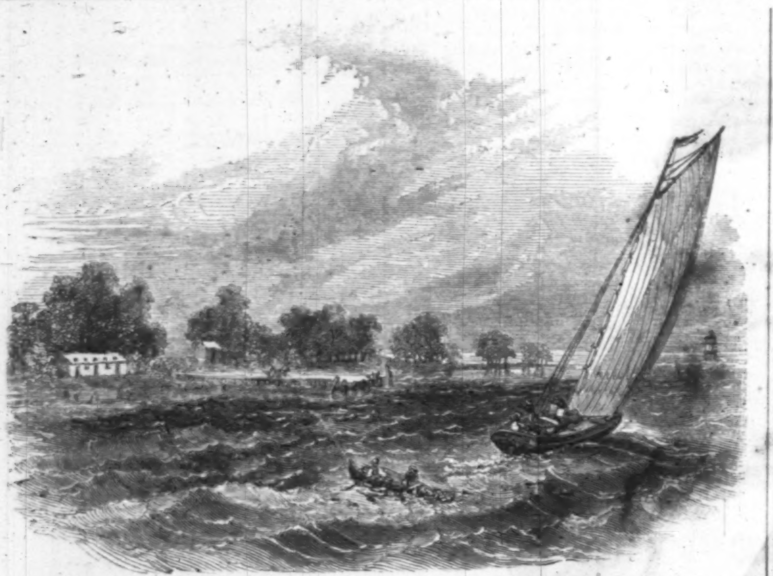
WE illustrate on pages 376 and 377 the GALLANT CHARGE OF LIEUTENANT TOMPKINS of the Second Cavalry at Fairfax Court House, on the morning of June 1. The Washington *Star* gives the following account of the affair:

Last night company B of the Second Cavalry, forty-seven privates, under Lieutenant Tompkins and Second Lieutenant Gordon, and three members of the New York Fifth Regiment—Quarter-master Fearing, Assistant Quarter-master Carey, and Adjutant Frank, reconnoitering within 300 yards of Fairfax Court House, by the Winchester road, were fired on by two of a picket of the Virginia troops. They took one of the two a prisoner, and the other escaped though fired at. The cavalry company then charged into the village from the north side, and were fired on from the Union Hotel, formerly kept by James Jackson who killed Colonel Ellsworth. The man firing on them was instantly shot down. The cavalry then charged down through the principal street of the village, and were fired on from many houses and from platoons behind fences. Having passed thus to the end of the village, they wheeled about and instantly charged back, and were then met by two considerable detachments with a field-piece. Turning, they cut through a third detachment in the rear, and left the village, bringing with them five prisoners, and killing throughout the engagement twenty-seven men.

Two of the United States cavalry are missing, two are killed, and Assistant Quarter-master Carey of the New York Fifth Regiment is wounded in the foot. Lieutenant Tompkins had two horses shot under him—the last one falling on his leg, injuring it slightly.

A *Herald* correspondent thus describes the return of the cavalry:

I was at the head-quarters of General M'Dowell, on Arlington Heights, when a portion of the Federal cavalry that had the skirmish at Fairfax Court House, eighteen miles west of Alexandria, at two o'clock this morning, rode up with their five prisoners and other trophies. The cavalry company that made the attack consisted of dragoons lately returned from Texas. They have seen years of hard Indian fighting on the frontier, and are reckless, dare-devil fellows, headed by Lieutenants Tompkins and Gordon. They rushed upon the rebels, who had hastily gathered in the only street of the village, upon hearing the report of the guns of the pickets, with terrific yells. The secessionists scattered in all directions before the dragoons could get a fair chance at them. The Federal loss was caused by the firing from the windows of a tavern and the Court House. The bold troopers rode right up to the windows, and discharged their Sharp's rifles and revolvers at their assailants. The Federal cavalry being hailed by a guard, just before entering the village, Lieutenant Tompkins rode up to the rebels and replied, "Cavalry," to the challenge. The sentinel then asking, "What cavalry?" the Lieutenant sung out, "United States cavalry," simultaneously bringing the rebel to the ground by a shot from his revolver.



NEWPORT NEWS, NEAR FORTRESS MONROE, NOW OCCUPIED BY GENERAL BUTLER.

NEWPORT NEWS.

We publish herewith a view of Newport News, near Fortress Monroe, Virginia, which General Butler has just occupied, and is now fortifying. A Virginian writer, speaking of the spot, says: "Newport News, so named after Captain Christopher Newport, the commodore of the little fleet of three vessels, of the aggregate burden of one hundred and sixty tons, which brought over the adventurers, and who 'returned for England with newes' 'the 15. of June 1607,' is the sister promontory to Jamestown. Its pine-clad spit divides James River from Hampton Roads. The water-view at this point, east, south, and northwest, is superb. When 'Master Gookin, out of Ireland, with fifty men of his owne, and thirty Passengers,' baptized the shamrock in its blue and teeming waters, it was deemed a small paradise. 'The cotten-trees in a yeere grew so thicke as one's arme, and so high as a man; here any thing that is planted doth prosper so well as in no place better.' The soil is doubtless as good as it ever was, since the moisture from the neighboring ocean prevents land in this region from being permanently exhausted, even under the most reckless system of tillage; but we hear of no such growth now. Cotton-planting has given place to oyster-planting, as the leading culture. Master Gookin must have shared the hydrophobic propensities of his countrymen, or he would have delved in the waves for riches and comfort."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Some weeks passed without bringing any change. We waited for Wemmick, and he made no sign. If I had never known him out of Little Britain, and had never enjoyed the privilege of being on a familiar footing at the Castle, I might have doubted him; not so for a moment, knowing him as I did.

My worldly affairs began to wear a gloomy appearance, and I was pressed for money by more than one creditor. Even I myself began to know the want of money (I mean of ready money in my own pocket), and to relieve it by converting some easily spared articles of jewelry into cash. But I had quite determined that it would be a heartless fraud to take more money from my patron in the existing state of my uncertain thoughts and plans. Therefore, I had sent him the unopened pocket-book by Herbert, to hold in his own keeping, and I felt a kind of satisfaction—whether it was a false kind or a true, I hardly know—in not having profited by his generosity since his revelation of himself.

As the time wore on, an impression settled heavily upon me that Estella was married. Fearful of having it confirmed, though it was all but a conviction, I avoided the newspapers, and begged Herbert (to whom I had confided the circumstances of our last interview) never to speak of her to me. Why I hoarded up this last wretched little rag of the robe of hope that was rent and given to the winds, how do I know? Why did you read this, commit that not dissimilar inconsistency of your own last year, last month, last week?

It was an unhappy life that I lived, and its one dominant anxiety, towering over all its other anxieties like a high mountain above a range of mountains, never disappeared from my view. Still, no new cause for fear arose. Let me start from my bed as I would, with the terror fresh upon me that he was discovered; let me sit listening as I would, with dread, for Herbert's returning step at night, lest it should be fleeter than ordinary, and winged with evil news; for all that, and much more to like purpose, the round of things went on. Condemned to inaction and a state of constant restlessness and suspense, I rowed about in my boat, and waited, waited, waited, as I best could.

There were states of the tide when, having been down the river, I could not get back through the eddy-chafed arches and starlings of old London Bridge; then, I left my boat at a wharf near the Custom-house, to be brought up afterward to the Temple stairs. I was not averse to doing this, as it served to make me and my boat a commoner incident among the water-side people there. From this slight occasion sprang two meetings that I have now to tell of.

One afternoon, late in the month of February, I came ashore at the wharf at dusk. I had pulled down as far as Greenwich with the ebb tide, and had turned with the tide. It had been a fine bright day, but had become foggy as the sun dropped, and I had had to feel my way back among the shipping pretty carefully. Both in going and returning I had seen the signal in his window, All well.

As it was a raw evening and I was cold, I thought I would comfort myself with dinner at once; and as I had hours of dejection and solitude before me if I went home to the Temple, I thought I would afterward go to the play. The theatre where Mr. Wopsle had achieved his questionable triumph was in that water-side neighborhood (it is nowhere now), and to that theatre I resolved to go. I was aware that Mr. Wopsle had not succeeded in reviving the Drama, but, on the contrary, had rather partaken of its decline. He had been ominously heard of as a faithful Black, in connection with a little girl of noble birth, and a monkey. And Herbert had seen him as a predatory Tartar, of comic propensities, with a face like a red brick, and an outrageous hat all over bells.

I dined at what Herbert and I used to call a Geographical chop-house—where there were maps of the world in porter-pot rims on every half-yard of the table-cloths, and charts of gravy on every one of the knives—to this day there is scarcely a single chop-house in the Lord Mayor's dominions which is not Geographical—and wore out the time in dozing over crumbs, staring at gas, and baking in a hot blast of dinners. By-and-by I roused myself and went to the play.

There I found a virtuous boatswain in his Majesty's service—a most excellent man, though I could have wished his trowsers not quite so tight in some places and not quite so loose in others—who knocked all the little men's hats over their eyes, though he was very generous and brave, and who wouldn't hear of any body's paying taxes on any account, though he was very patriotic. He had a bag of money in his pocket, like a pudding in the cloth, and on that property married a young person in bed-furniture with great rejoicings; the whole population of Portsmouth (nine in number at the last Census) turning out on the beach to rub their own hands and shake every body else's, and sing "Fill, fill!" A certain dark-complexioned Swab, however, who wouldn't fill, or do any thing else that was proposed to him, and whose heart was openly stated (by the boatswain) to be as black as his figure-head, proposed to two other Swabs to get all mankind into difficulties; which was so effectually done (the Swab family having considerable political influence) that it took half the evening to set things right, and then it was only brought about through an honest little grocer with a white hat, black gaiters, and red nose, getting into a clock with a gridiron, and listening, and coming out, and knocking every body down from behind with the gridiron whom he couldn't confute with what he had overheard. This led to Mr. Wopsle's (who had never been heard of before) coming in with a star and garter on, as a plenipotentiary of great power direct from the Admiralty, to say that the Swabs were all to go to prison on the spot, and that he had brought the boatswain down the Union Jack, as a slight acknowledgment of his public services. The boatswain, unmanned for the first time, respectfully dried his eyes on the Jack, and then cheering up and addressing Mr. Wopsle as Your Honor, solicited permission to take him by the fin. Mr. Wopsle conceding his fin with a gracious dignity, was immediately shoved into a dusty corner while every body danced a hornpipe; and, from that corner, surveying the public with a discontented eye, became aware of me.

The second piece was the last new grand comic Christmas pantomime, in the first scene of which it pained me to suspect that I detected Mr. Wopsle, with red worsted legs under a highly magnified phosphoric countenance and a shock of red fringe for his hair, engaged in the manufacture of thunder-bolts in a mine, and displaying great cowardice when his gigantic master came home, very hoarse, to dinner. But he presently presented himself under worthier circumstances; for, the Genius of Youthful Love being in want of assistance—on account of the parental brutality of an ignorant farmer who opposed the choice of his daughter's heart, by purposely falling upon the object in a flour sack, out of the first-floor window—summoned a sententious Enchanter; and he, coming up from the antipodes rather unsteadily, after an apparently violent journey, proved to be Mr. Wopsle in a high-crowned hat, with a necromantic work in one volume under his arm. The business of this enchanter on earth being principally to be talked at, sung at, butted at, danced at, and flashed at with fires of various colors, he had a good deal of time on his hands. And I observed with great surprise that he devoted it to staring in my direction as if he were lost in amazement.

There was something so remarkable in the increasing glare of Mr. Wopsle's eye, and he seemed to be turning so many things over in his mind and to grow so confused, that I could not make it out. I sat thinking of it long after he had ascended to the clouds in a large watch-case, and still I could not make it out. I was still thinking of it when I came out of the theatre an hour afterward, and found him waiting for me near the door.

"How do you do?" said I, shaking hands with him as we turned down the street together. "I saw that you saw me."

"Saw you, Mr. Pip!" he returned. "Yes, of course I saw you. But who else was there?"

"Who else?"

"It is the strangest thing," said Mr. Wopsle, drifting into his lost look again; "and yet I could swear to him."

Becoming alarmed, I entreated Mr. Wopsle to explain his meaning.

"Whether I should have noticed him at first but for your being there," said Mr. Wopsle, going on in the same lost way, "I can't be positive; yet I think I should."

Involuntarily I looked round me, as I was accustomed to look round me when I went home; for these mysterious words gave me a chill.

"Oh! He can't be in sight," said Mr. Wopsle. "He went out before I went off. I saw him go."

Having the reason that I had for being suspicious, I even suspected this poor actor. I mistrusted a design to entrap me into some admission. Therefore I glanced at him as we walked on together, but said nothing.

"I had a ridiculous fancy that he must be with you, Mr. Pip, till I saw that you were quite unconscious of him sitting behind you there, like a ghost."

My former chill crept over me again, but I was resolved not to speak yet, for it was quite consistent with his words that he might be set on to induce me to connect these references with Provis. Of course I was perfectly sure and safe that Provis had not been there.

"I dare say you wonder at me, Mr. Pip; indeed I see you do. But it is so very strange! You'll hardly believe what I am going to tell you. I could hardly believe it myself if you told me."

"Indeed?" said I.

"No, indeed. Mr. Pip, you remember in old times a certain Christmas-day, when you were quite a child, and I dined at Gargery's, and some soldiers came to the door to get a pair of handcuffs mended?"

"I remember it very well."

"And you remember that there was a chase after two convicts, and that we joined in it, and that Gargery took you on his back, and that I took the lead, and you kept up with me as well as you could?"

"I remember it all very well." Better than he thought—except the last clause.

"And you remember that we came up with the two in a ditch, and that there was a scuffle between them, and that one of them had been severely handled and much mauled about the face by the other?"

"I see it all before me."

"And that the soldiers lighted torches, and put the two in the centre, and that we went on to see the last of them, over the black marshes, with the torch-light shining on their faces—I am particular about that; with the torch-light shining on their faces, when there was an outer ring of dark night all about us?"

"Yes," said I. "I remember all that."

"Then, Mr. Pip, one of those two prisoners sat behind you to-night. I saw him over your shoulder."

"Steady!" I thought. I asked him then, "Which of the two do you suppose you saw?"

"The one who had been mauled," he answered readily, "and I'll swear I saw him! The more I think of him the more certain I am of him."

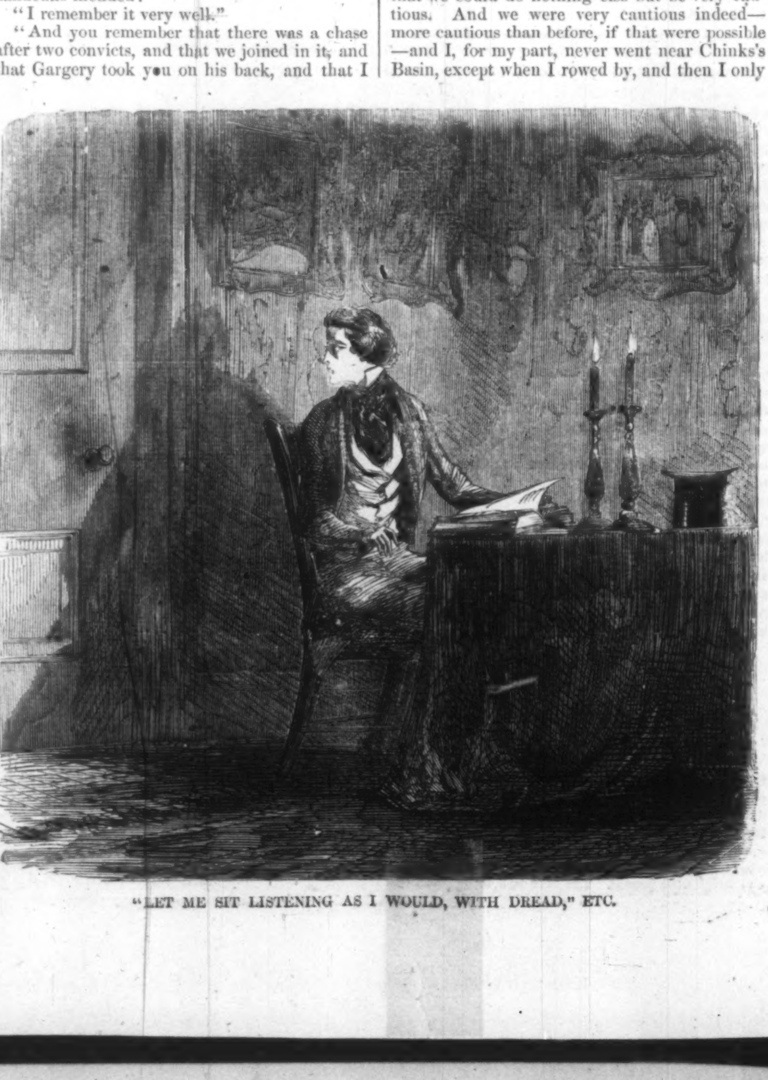
"This is very curious!" said I, with the best assumption I could put on, of its being nothing more to me. "Very curious indeed!"

I can not exaggerate the enhanced disquiet into which this conversation threw me, or the special and peculiar terror I felt at Compeyson's having been behind me "like a ghost." For, if he had ever been out of my thoughts for a few moments together since the hiding had begun, it was in those very moments when he was closest to me; and to think that I should be so unconscious and off my guard after all my care, was as if I had shut an avenue of a hundred doors to keep him out, and then had found him at my elbow. I could not doubt either that he was there, because I was there, and that however slight an appearance of danger there might be about us, danger was always near and active.

I put such questions to Mr. Wopsle as, When did the man come in? He could not tell me that; he saw me, and over my shoulder he saw the man. It was not until he had seen him for some time that he began to identify him; but he had from the first vaguely associated him with me, and known him as somehow belonging to me in the old village time. How was he dressed? Prosperously, but not noticeably otherwise; he thought in black. Was his face at all disfigured? No, he believed not. I believed not too, for, although in my brooding state I had taken no especial notice of the people behind me, I thought it likely that a face at all disfigured would have attracted my attention.

When Mr. Wopsle had imparted to me all that he could recall or I extract, and when I had treated him to a little appropriate refreshment after the fatigues of the evening, we parted. It was between twelve and one o'clock when I reached the Temple, and the gates were shut. No one was near me when I went in and went home.

Herbert had come in, and we held a very serious council by the fire. But there was nothing to be done, saving to communicate to Wemmick what I had that night found out, and to remind him that we waited for his hint. As I thought that I might compromise him if I went too often to the Castle, I made this communication by letter. I wrote it before I went to bed, and went out and posted it; and again no one was near me. Herbert and I agreed that we could do nothing else but be very cautious. And we were very cautious indeed—more cautious than before, if that were possible—and I, for my part, never went near Chinks's Basin, except when I rowed by, and then I only



"LET ME SIT LISTENING AS I WOULD, WITH DREAD," ETC.

looked at Mill Pond Bank as I looked at any thing else.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE second of the two meetings referred to in the last chapter occurred about a week after the first. I had again left my boat at the wharf below Bridge; the time was an hour earlier in the afternoon; and, undecided where to dine, I had strolled up into Cheapside, and was strolling along it, surely the most unsettled person in all the busy concourse, when a large hand was laid upon by shoulder by some one overtaking me. It was Mr. Jaggers's hand, and he passed it through my arm.

"As we are going in the same direction, Pip, we may walk together. Where are you bound for?"

"For the Temple, I think," said I.

"Don't you know?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Well," I returned, glad for once to get the better of him in cross-examination, "I do *not* know, for I have not made up my mind."

"You are going to dine?" said Mr. Jaggers. "You don't mind admitting that, I suppose?"

"No," I returned, "I don't mind admitting that."

"And are not engaged?"

"I don't mind admitting, also, that I am not engaged."

"Then," said Mr. Jaggers, "come and dine with me."

I was going to excuse myself, when he added, "Wemmick's coming." So I changed my excuse into an acceptance—the few words I had uttered serving for the beginning of either—and we went along Cheapside and slanted off to Little Britain, while the lights were springing up brilliantly in the shop-windows, and the street lamp-lighters, scarcely finding ground enough to plant their ladders on in the midst of the afternoon's bustle, were skipping up and down and running in and out, opening more red eyes in the gathering fog than my rush-light tower at the Hummums had opened white eyes in the ghastly wall.

At the office in Little Britain there was the usual letter-writing, hand-washing, candle-snuffing, and safe-locking, that closed the business of the day. As I stood idle by Mr. Jaggers's fire, its rising and falling flame made the two casts on the shelf look as if they were playing a diabolical game at bo-peep with me; while the pair of coarse fat office-candles that dimly lighted Mr. Jaggers as he wrote in a corner, were decorated with dirty winding-sheets, as if in remembrance of a host of hanged clients.

We went to Gerrard Street, all three together, in a hackney-coach: and as soon as we got there dinner was served. Although I should not have thought of making, in that place, the most distant reference by so much as a look to Wemmick's Walworth sentiments, yet I should have had no objection to catching his eye now and then in a friendly way. But it was not to be done. He turned his eyes on Mr. Jaggers whenever he raised them from the table, and was as dry and distant to me as if there were twin Wemmicks, and this was the wrong one.

"Did you send that note of Miss Havisham's to Mr. Pip, Wemmick?" Mr. Jaggers asked, soon after we began dinner.

"No, Sir," returned Wemmick; "it was going by post when you brought Mr. Pip into the office. Here it is." He handed it to his principal instead of to me.

"It's a note of two lines, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, handing it on, "sent up to me by Miss Havisham on account of her not being sure of your address. She tells me that she wants to see you on a little matter of business you mentioned to her. You'll go down?"

"Yes," said I, casting my eyes over the note, which was exactly in those terms.

"When do you think of going down?"

"I have an impending engagement," said I, glancing at Wemmick, who was putting fish into the post-office, "that renders me rather uncertain of my time. At once, I think."

"If Mr. Pip has the intention of going at once," said Wemmick to Mr. Jaggers, "he needn't write an answer, you know."

Receiving this as an intimation that it was best not to delay, I settled that I would go to-morrow, and said so. Wemmick drank a glass of wine and looked with a grimly satisfied air at Mr. Jaggers, but not at me.

"So, Pip! our friend the Spider," said Mr. Jaggers, "has played his cards. He has won the pool."

It was as much as I could do to assent.

"Hah! He is a promising fellow—in his way—but he may not have it all his own way. The stronger will win in the end, but the stronger has to be found out first. If he should turn to, and beat her—"

"Surely," I interrupted, with a burning face and heart, "you do not seriously think that even he is scoundrel enough for that, Mr. Jaggers?"

"I didn't say so, Pip. I am putting a case. If he should turn to and beat her, he may possibly get the strength on his side; if it should be a question of intellect, he certainly will not. It would be chance work to give an opinion how a fellow of that sort will turn out in such circumstances, because it's a toss-up between two results."

"May I ask what they are?"

"A fellow like our friend the Spider," answered Mr. Jaggers, "either beats or cringes. He may cringe and growl, or cringe and not growl; but he either beats or cringes. Ask Wemmick *his* opinion."

"Either beats or cringes," said Wemmick, not at all addressing himself to me.

"So here's to Mrs. Bentley Drummle," said Mr. Jaggers, taking a decanter of choicer wine from his dumb-waiter, and filling for each of us and for himself, "and may the question of supremacy be settled to the lady's satisfaction! To the satisfaction of the lady *and* the gentleman it never will be. Now, Molly, Molly, Molly, Molly, how slow you are to-day!"

She was at his elbow when he addressed her, putting a dish upon the table. As she withdrew her hands from it she fell back a step or two, nervously muttering some excuse, and a certain action of her fingers as she spoke arrested my attention.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Nothing. Only the subject we were speaking of," said I, "was rather painful to me."

The action of her fingers was like the action of knitting. She stood looking at her master, not understanding whether she was free to go, or whether he had more to say to her and would call her back if she did go. Her look was very intent. Surely, I had seen exactly such eyes and such hands on a memorable occasion very lately!

He dismissed her, and she glided out of the room. But she remained before me, as plainly as if she were still there. I looked at those hands, I looked at those eyes, I looked at that flowing hair; and I compared them with other hands, other eyes, other hair, that I knew of, and with what those might be after twenty years of a brutal husband and a stormy life. I looked again at those hands and eyes of the housekeeper, and thought of the inexplicable feeling that had come over me when I last walked—not alone—in the ruined garden and through the deserted brewery. I thought how the same feeling had come back when I saw a face looking at me, and a hand waving to me, from a stage-coach window; and how it had come back again and had flashed about me like Lightning, when I had passed in a carriage—not alone—through a sudden glare of light in a dark street. I thought how one link of association had helped that identification in the theatre, and how such a link, wanting before, had been riveted for me now, when I had passed by a chance swift from Estella's name to the fingers with their knitting action, and the attentive eyes. I felt absolutely certain that this woman was Estella's mother.

Mr. Jaggers had seen me with Estella, and was not likely to have missed the sentiment I had been at no pains to conceal. He nodded when I said the subject was painful to me, clapped me on the back, put round the wine again, and went on with his dinner.

Only twice more did the housekeeper reappear, and then her stay in the room was very short, and Mr. Jaggers was sharp with her. But her hands were Estella's hands, and her eyes were Estella's eyes, and if she had reappeared a hundred times I could have been neither more sure nor less sure that my conviction was the truth.

It was a dull evening, for Wemmick drew his wine when it came round quite as a matter of business—just as he might have drawn his salary when that came round—and with his eyes on his chief, sat in a state of perpetual readiness for cross-examination. As to the quantity of wine, his post-office was as indifferent and ready as any other post-office for its quantity of letters. From my point of view he was the wrong twin all the time, and only externally like the Wemmick of Walworth.

We took our leave early, and left together. Even when we were groping among Mr. Jaggers's stock of boots for our hats, I felt that the right twin was on his way back; and we had not gone half a dozen yards down Gerrard Street in the Walworth direction before I found that I was walking arm in arm with the right twin, and that the wrong twin had evaporated into the evening air.

"Well!" said Wemmick, "that's over. He's a wonderful man, without his living likeness; but I feel that I have to screw myself up when I dine with him—and I dine more comfortably unscrewed."

I felt that this was a good statement of the case, and told him so.

"Wouldn't say it to any body but yourself," he answered. "I know that what is said between you and me goes no further."

I asked him if he had ever seen Miss Havisham's adopted daughter, Mrs. Bentley Drummle? He said no. To avoid being too abrupt, I then spoke of the Aged, and of Miss Skiffins. He looked rather sly when I mentioned Miss Skiffins, and stopped in the street to blow his nose with a roll of the head and a flourish, not quite free from latent boastfulness.

"Wemmick," said I, "do you remember telling me before I first went to Mr. Jaggers's private house, to notice that housekeeper?"

"Did I?" he replied. "Ah, I dare say I did. Deuce take me," he added, suddenly, "I know I did. I find I am not quite unscrewed yet."

"A wild beast tamed, you called her," said I.

"And what do *you* call her?" said he.

"The same. How did Mr. Jaggers tame her, Wemmick?"

"That's his secret. She has been with him many a long year."

"I wish you would tell me her story. I feel a particular interest in being acquainted with it. You know that what is said between you and me goes no further."

"Well!" Wemmick replied, "I don't know her story—that is, I don't know all of it. But what I do know, I'll tell you. We are in our private and personal capacities, of course."

"Of course."

"A score of years ago that woman was tried at the Old Bailey for murder, and was acquitted. She was a very handsome young woman, and I believe had some gipsy blood in her. Anyhow, it was hot enough when it was up, as you may suppose."

"But she was acquitted."

"Mr. Jaggers was for her," pursued Wemmick, with a look full of meaning, "and worked the case in a way quite astonishing. It was a desperate case, and it was comparatively early days with him then, and he worked it to general admiration; in fact, it may almost be said to have made him. He worked it himself at the police-office, day after day for many days, contending against even a committal; and at the trial, where he couldn't work it himself, sat under Counsel, and—every one knew—put in all the salt and pepper. The murdered person was a woman—a woman a good ten years older, very much larger, and very much stronger. It was a case of jealousy. They both led tramping lives, and this woman in Gerrard Street here had been married very young, over the broomstick (as we say), to a tramping man, and was a perfect fury in point of jealousy. The murdered woman—more a match for the man, certainly, in point of years—was found dead in a barn near Hounslow Heath. There had been a violent struggle, perhaps a fight. She was bruised and scratched and torn all over, and had been held by the throat at last and choked. Now there was no reasonable evidence to implicate any person but this woman, and on the improbabilities of her having been able to do it, Mr. Jaggers principally rested his case. You may be sure," said Wemmick, touching me on the sleeve, "that he never dwelt upon the strength of her hands then, though he sometimes does now."

I had told Wemmick of his showing us her wrists that day of the dinner party.

"Well, Sir!" Wemmick went on; "it happened—happened, don't you see?—that this woman was so very artfully dressed from the time of her apprehension, that she looked much slighter than she really was; in particular, her sleeves are always remembered to have been so skillfully contrived that her arms had quite a delicate look. She had only a bruise or two about her—nothing for a tramp—but the backs of her hands were lacerated, and the question was, was it with finger-nails? Now, Mr. Jaggers showed that she had struggled through a great lot of brambles which were not as high as her face; but which she could not have got through and kept her hands out of; and bits of those brambles were actually found in her skin and put in evidence, as well as the fact that the brambles in question were found on examination to have been broken through, and to have little shreds of her dress and little spots of blood upon them here and there. But the boldest point he made was this. It was attempted to be set up in proof of her jealousy, that she was under strong suspicion of having, at about the time of the murder, frantically destroyed her child by this man—some three years old—to revenge herself upon him. Mr. Jaggers worked that in this way. 'We say these are not marks of finger-nails but marks of brambles, and we show you the brambles. You say they are marks of finger-nails, and you set up the hypothesis that she destroyed her child. You must accept all consequences of that hypothesis. For any thing we know she may have destroyed her child, and the child in clinging to her may have scratched her hands. What then? You are not trying her for the murder of her child; why don't you? As to this case, if you *will* have scratches, we say that, for any thing we know, you may have accounted for them, assuming for the sake of argument that you have not invented them?' To sum up, Sir," said Wemmick, "Mr. Jaggers was altogether too many for the Jury, and they gave in."

"Has she been in his service ever since?"

"Yes; but not only that," said Wemmick. "She went into his service immediately after her acquittal, tamed as she is now. She has since been taught one thing and another in the way of her duties, but she was tamed from the beginning."

"Do you remember the sex of the child?"

"Said to have been a girl."

"You have nothing more to say to me to-night?"

"Nothing. I got your letter and destroyed it. Nothing."

We exchanged a cordial Good-night, and I went home, with new matter for my thoughts, yet with no relief from the old.

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